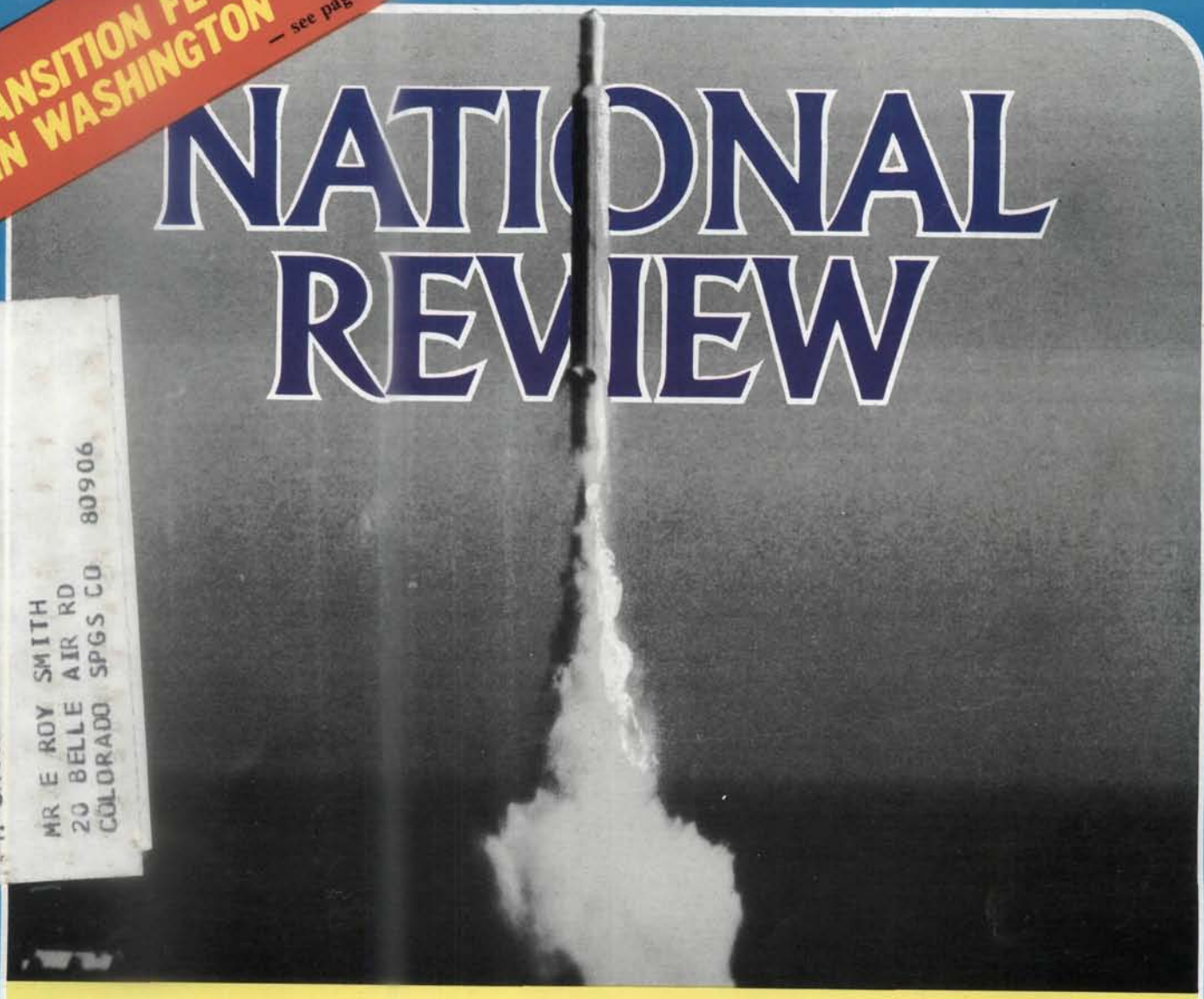
DECEMBER 12, 1980

ANSITION FEVER
IN WASHINGTON
— see page 1498

NATIONAL REVIEW



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THE END OF
Socialist Anti-Communism?
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NATIONAL REVIEW

DECEMBER 12, 1980
VOL. XXXII, NO. 25
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FREEMAN Page 1498 | KINTNER Page 1504 | BEILENSON Page 1507 | BRADFORD Page 1513 | COHEN Page 1516 | BERENSON Page 1518

The Present Danger

1500 Move MX Missiles out to Sea
The proposed MX missile system will require six times the concrete and steel used in the Maginot Line—and may prove, in a showdown, about as useful. The system's defects could be avoided and its virtues kept and enhanced if it were sea-based. Utah and Nevada might breathe easier too.
John E. Draim

1504 The End of Socialist Anti-Communism?
At one time, the Socialist International held up hope of a Left independent of, and wholly opposed to, Soviet totalitarianism. But today, alas, the Soviets have reduced the SI to a group of useful idiots.
William R. Kintner

1507 Is Nuclear War Likely?
Likely, yes. Inevitable, no. But if we assume it's unlikely, we may make it inevitable. So far, man has used every weapon he has ever invented. Nuclear weapons are proliferating. Take it from there.
Laurence W. Beilenson

Articles & Columns

1498 Transition Fever
There is only one thing wrong with those thousands of applicants. They are not the people the President-elect needs.
Neal B. Freeman

1510 Screenwriter with Portfolio Ready to Go
How come Hollywood never makes movies showing life under Communism? Herewith six scenarios. Are you ready for *Charlie Chan in Moscow*?
Arnold Beichman

1512 The Christmas Religion
The Christian doctrine of the Incarnation raises prickly questions, for God as well as for theologians, for instance: What sex to be born in? Why be born in the first place?
Michael Novak

Books Arts & Manners

1513 Ronald Reagan's new majority owes more to social and cultural conservatism than to the Republican, libertarian, or Chamber of Commerce varieties. **M. E. Bradford** reminds us of our debt to the man who, more than any other save possibly T. S. Eliot, made that kind of conservatism respectable after the New Deal. . . . **S. T. Cohen** finds Laurence Beilenson's book on nuclear strategy so realistic it's almost utopian. . . . Move over, Solzhenitsyn: **David Evanier** would place Varlam Shalamov beside you. . . . Art books for Christmas, anyone? **Ruth Berenson** offers a guide to this year's dreadnoughts. . . . **Joseph Sobran** praises Derek Jacobi's Hamlet, then takes it all back again. . . . CIA bugging you? **D. Keith Mano** recommends the Phone-Guard.

Letters	**1484**
For the Record	**1488**
The Week	**1489**
help!	**1502**
Dark Horses	**1523**
On the Right	**1528**
Trans-O-Gram	**1530**

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Inside Track

At the start of Robert Novak's morning-after analysis of the Reagan victory ["The Priorities for President Reagan," Nov. 28], he noted the abrupt gear-shift among political commentators. Once past the magical electoral tally of 270, President-elect Reagan (formerly of war-mongering, race-hatred, and simple-minded fame) became transformed into "moderate," avuncular, and coalition-building Ronnie. Novak didn't speculate on this—so may I suggest that what we are witnessing here is the phenomenon C. S. Lewis described as "The Inner Ring"?

The press likes to style itself the Fourth Estate—the vigilant and distrustful monitors of the government. But in fact the press (especially the Washington press) is motivated by the same impulses as everyone else—in this case the desire to be part of the "in" group or "the inner ring." For those on the outside, Lewis observed, the nature of the inner ring is irrelevant—getting in is everything.

Stephanie Cunningham
Ithaca, N.Y.

Morality by Computer

Your remarks on "Sex and the Pope" ["The Week," Oct. 31] invite comment. While I am not familiar with the context of the Pope's comment on lust in the eyes of a husband (nor do you supply it), perhaps he was reminding us that the chaotic condition of the family in the world today and, perhaps, the equally chaotic condition of society itself could be traced to a substitution of lust for love in the conjugal relation, the symptoms of which are the modern fetishes of artificial birth control and its logical conclusion, abortion (both of which, of course, are "very hospitable to the fact of human desire").

Then again, you bring forward the familiar "morality by statistics" argument so dear to the American school of sociologist-theologians. What, do you think, would be the result of a poll which inquired how many Catholics practice pride or deceit? Or, even if the poll asked how many of those who do practice these vices could offer a theoretical and quite rational reason for doing so, how would the statistics probably run? Therefore, must we conclude that the Church should forget about humility or veracity as Christian virtues?

The pages of your magazine offer sufficient proof that all is not well in the world today. Perhaps the Pope (and "intransigent" Cardinal Felici) are trying to fulfill their function (which they see as God-given) of setting before the human race today, as in the past, the ideals of human behavior which alone will lead to the peace of heart and order that our nature seems to demand.

(Rev.) Thomas J. Calpin
Ardsley, Pa.

Goliath

Thank you, *NR*. Harold O. J. Brown's article ["The Road to Theocracy?" Oct. 31] somewhat counterbalances the uneven-handed treatment which fundamentalists have received. Jerry Falwell has been caricatured as an aspiring Ayatollah Khomeini, and fundamentalists in general have been warned away from things political in tones which suggest the possibility of government-imposed quietism. As *NR* has pointed out, the threat to church-state separation comes exclusively from the state. The church does not have the power of taxation, nor can it impose itself on others by legislation; and how many divisions *does* the Pope have? In today's church-state conflicts, the state is clearly the Goliath. For this very reason the church must consider what Dr. Brown speaks of as "the opposition it is engendering." Otherwise Goliath could meet David before the latter gathers his stones.

Even more to the point, fundamentalists justifiably see themselves as unfairly threatened—merely for holding "religious" views. A labor leader can openly endorse candidates, and even Ralph Nader can divulge his not-so-secret love for Barry Commoner, but religious leaders are disqualified. Concerning abortion, the family, morality, and other matters, fundamentalists find themselves asking: "Are all 'religious values' inadmissible in our pluralistic society?"

Steven L. Knapp
Stevensville, Mich.

Natural Complements

It is a pity that Richard Brookhiser's pre-election report on Ed Clark and the Libertarian Party ["None of the Above," Oct. 31] provided so little information about the reasons that Clark offers for his pro-freedom positions and for the Libertarian claim that economic liberty, social freedoms, and international non-interventionism are natural complements. In particular, it is unfortunate that Brookhiser does not even report Clark's contention that the rights of Americans can best be made more secure by a less activist, less entangling, and less bellicose foreign policy. A world in which Western Europe, Japan, and China developed their respective ca-

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pacities to stand as self-sufficient and in dependent counterweights to the Soviet Union and as buffers against superpower confrontation would be a safer world for all of us.

As of this writing one can predict that in the next four years we shall see some combination of attempts to improve domestic economic life by governmental threats and regulation and attempts to improve our international safety by continual efforts toward fine-tuning diplomatic and military policy throughout the world. As this interventionist mentality is further revealed as bankrupt, the appeal of the Libertarian approach will be enhanced—if the media, including NATIONAL REVIEW, fulfill their responsibility to report on ideas.

Eric Mac
Department of Philosoph
Tulane Universit
New Orleans, La

Exchange of Views

Wm. F. Buckley Jr.'s criticism of William College ["On the Right," Nov. 28] for awarding an honorary degree to British socialist Tony Benn was too brief to give a fair picture. The unfortunate implication is that Williams as an institution shares Mr. Benn's views.

The fact is that we believe strongly in both Mr. Benn's right to express his views and the educational value of our students hearing them.

Mr. Benn was a participant in a weekend of activities built around the theme "The Future of Capitalism." He shared in a spirited panel discussion in which the other speakers were Irving Shapiro of Du Pont, Herbert Stein, Lester Thurow, Arthur Levitt Jr., and Marina Whitman of General Motors. Mr. Stein was the keynote speaker at Convocation ceremonies that weekend, at which all six panelists were awarded honorary degrees.

The Convocation weekend was extremely successful from any point of view—and as well-attended as Mr. Buckley's own speech at Williams last January.

Ray Boye
Director of Public Information
Williams College
Williamstown, Mass

Films to Kill

Please extend a hearty handclasp to John Simon for his review of the execrable film *Dressed to Kill* [Sept. 19]. I think your readers might be interested in something I came across in Gibbon's *Decline and Fall*. In Chapter Two (when decline had barely gotten started) Gibbon notes ". . . And the decline of genius was soon followed by the corruption of taste." Not so long as John Simon stands guard. His high standards help to keep us civilized.

Stuart Pierce
Kingman, Ariz.

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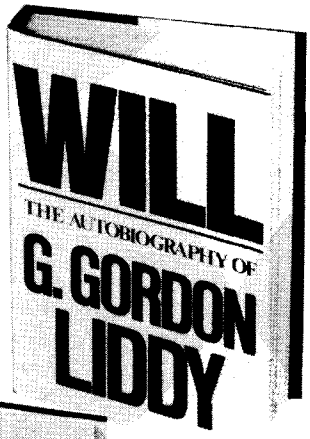

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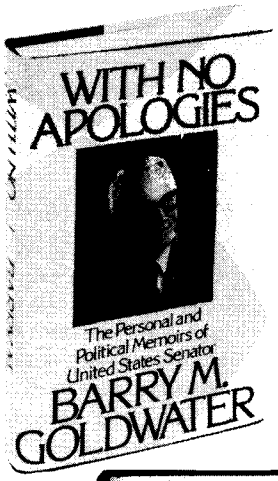

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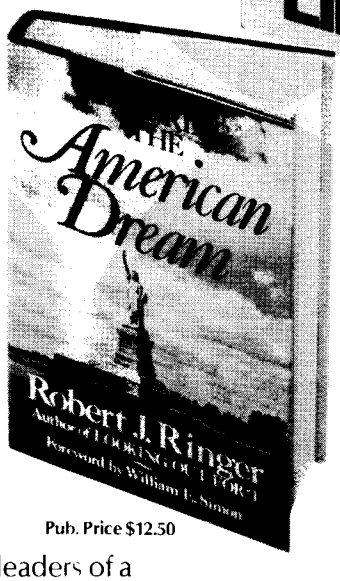

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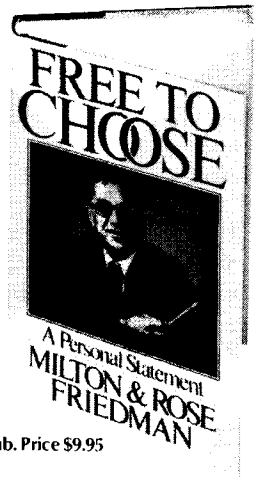

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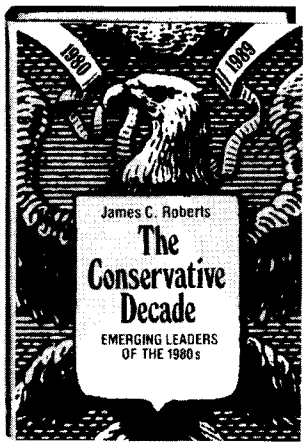

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FOR THE RECORD

■ **John Fischer's** American Security Council gave six Democratic senators a zero rating on defense matters this year. Four of them, **George McGovern, John Culver, Frank Church,** and **Gaylord Nelson,** won't be back in January; the other two, **Patrick Leahy** (Vt.) and **Alan Cranston** (Calif.), won. The ASC ratings, incidentally, gave **Daniel Patrick Moynihan,** generally perceived as a hawk, only 10 per cent—behind **Jacob Javits** at 38. . . . Pleased by its showing this year—in fact tickled pink—the New Right's **National Conservative Political Action Committee** is targeting Democratic Sens. **Kennedy, Metzenbaum** (Ohio), **Riegle** (Mich.), and **Sarbanes** (Md.) on its prime 1982 hit list, plus three Republicans, **Weicker** (Conn.), **Stafford** (Vt.), and **Chafee** (R.I.). On the secondary list of NCPAC targetees are Democrats Moynihan and **Henry Jackson,** presumably depending on how they vote between now and then.

■ Winners and Losers: The **Black Caucus** came through with flying colors. All 13 black Democratic congressmen were re-elected and three more added to the Caucus. . . . ERA took a beating. **Phyllis Schlafly** points out that anti-ERA forces won new seats in the state legislatures of Illinois, Florida, North and South Dakota, and Oklahoma—states that have yet to ratify ERA. . . . **Paula Hawkins,** senator-elect from Florida, is anti-ERA, also opposes abortion. . . . In little-noticed referenda in **Utah** and **Nevada,** eight counties that got to vote, voted against the emplacement of **MX missiles** there. . . . And in the rich Boston suburb of **Newton,** local officials, hard hit by the steep property-tax cut voted November 4, may have to charge for use of the public tennis courts.

Shailo, *London Daily Telegraph* Rothco

"Feeling brave enough for the news?"

■ They're on their way out: State Department doves **Marshall Shulman,** special advisor for Soviet Affairs, returns to Columbia University in January; and **Anthony Lake,** director of the Policy Planning Staff, will (says the *Washington Post*) "teach for a college consortium at Amherst, Mass. as well as raise cattle." . . . **Jimmy Carter's** image-maker **Gerald Rafshoon** is moving on after a successful season. Records submitted to the Federal Election Commission indicate Rafshoon billed Carter re-election committee for $24 million in advertising during the primaries and campaign. . . . Pollster **Patrick Caddell** and the broke Democratic National Committee (DNC) are hassling over the final $400,000 of Caddell's bill. . . . Speaker **Tip O'Neill** is sore at the DNC, charges its Carter-obsessiveness kept it from doing anything to help Democratic congressmen. . . . O'Neill has his problems. His huge Democratic House majority has been cut, and a sizable group (thirty to forty) of determined conservative Democrats are demanding important committee assignments as the price of their continued support. O'Neill confesses that after meeting with conservative leader Rep. **Charles Stenholm** of Texas and other right-wing congressmen he felt "pushed." Stenholm told O'Neill he was "prepared to meet liberals on the battlefield."

■ Kudos: **Reed Larson,** president of the National Right to Work Committee, has received the **James J. Kilpatrick** award as "the nation's most effective conservative voice." In presenting the award, columnist Kilpatrick described Larson as "one brave man, laboring in the vineyards for voluntarism and for human liberty." . . . *NR* associates **Ernest van den Haag** and **Russell Kirk** are two of the five Heritage Foundation scholars in residence this year. The others: historian **Robert Conquest,** economist **Walter Williams,** and professor of monetary history **Antonio Martino** of the University of Rome. . . . Rep. **Mickey Edwards** (R., Okla.) has been elected to succeed Rep. **Bob Bauman** as chairman of the American Conservative Union. . . . And Rabbi **Seymour Siegel** of the Jewish Theological Seminary and Prof. **David Meiselman** of VPI are forming the American Jewish Forum (3080 Broadway, N.Y., N.Y. 10027) to promote conservative political ideas in the Jewish community.

■ Virginia police, called to remove students blocking all entrances to the **Pentagon,** asked them what they were demonstrating against. "Why the war, of course." "What war?" (Afghanistan? Iran-Iraq? Libya-Chad? Spanish Sahara? Ethiopia-Somalia? No.) "The war Mr. Reagan is about to bring on."

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THE WEEK

■ It will cost taxpayers $39,564 a year to pension off Senator Frank Church of Idaho, $30,840 a year for Mr. Brademas of Indiana, $31,512 for Mr. Murphy of New Abscam, etc., all pensions for life and with automatic COLA increases. Still a helluva bargain.

■ The "Investigations of Reported Plant and Animal Health Effects in the TMI Area" will probably not make a big media splash, since it contains no stories of three-headed foals or luminous chicken eggs. Prepared by the Nuclear Regulatory Commission, with the help of the Pennsylvania Department of Agriculture and the federal Environmental Protection Agency, the report found that none of the plant or animal defects reported in the wake of the Three Mile Island accident could be blamed on the radiation release, or on the normal operation of the plant. Staggering calves turned out to be suffering from vitamin deficiencies. Infertile she-goats bred when supplied with a new buck. Five hundred dead parakeets and canaries (all in one aviary) showed no signs of radiation damage. Toad sightings have declined around Three Mile Island; but they've been declining all over the East, for two decades. Next: a study to determine the cause of Amory Lovins's glowing prose.

■ Interest rates at 17 per cent and the Dow-Jones at 1,000—what's going on? Is the stock market so buoyed by investors jubilant over the conservative sweep of the White House and Senate that they are not deterred by the high cost of money? Is the market anticipating the restoration of capitalism that a tax-cutting President Reagan intends? It could be the market has figured out that the Kemp-Roth tax cut promised by Reagan does not mean a worsening budget deficit. Economist Michael Evans has calculated that as a result of inflation pushing personal income into higher brackets, scheduled increases in the Social Security tax, and fast-growing windfall-profits-tax revenues, government revenues will grow at an annual rate of 13.5 per cent in spite of the Reagan tax cuts. In short, the government's revenue machine is big enough to absorb both tax cuts and larger increases in defense spending, and still permit a balanced budget by 1983. If the tax cut itself generates larger revenues —as supply-siders predict—government can increase its spending at the rate of inflation and still see surplus in its budget by 1983.

■ An urban affairs task force advising President-elect Reagan's transition team has recommended that federal grants be withheld from cities that have rent-control laws. Since there is bound to be much wailing and gnashing of teeth, it is appropriate to review once again the real, as opposed to the desired, effects of rent control. 1) Rent control encourages immobility. Faced with sharp rent increases should they move, renters will stay put whether their current apartments suit their needs or not. Old people are frozen in place, young, upwardly mobile couples are frozen out of the renting market. 2) Rent control discourages building. Investors have no incentive to build new units. Even if controls are removed from new housing, owners of existing apartments will lack the capital to invest in it. 3) Rent control creates slumlords. Owners have no reason to keep up their properties. 4) Rent control discriminates against small landlords, who are ill-equipped to cope with the paperwork. 5) If controls are removed from "luxury" apartments, but retained on low-rent ones, speculators will be encouraged to bulldoze whole neighborhoods. Cf. Yorkville and Chelsea in New York City. 6) When controls come, can subsidies be far behind? After rent controls have resulted in the inevitable housing shortage, the public inevitably clamors for housing projects, federally funded, that is, funded by themselves.

■ West German Chancellor Helmut Schmidt and President-elect Ronald Reagan weren't supposed to meet last week in Washington. That they did is quite possibly thanks to Senator John Tower. A few days before Schmidt's visit, Tower, who will be Chairman of the Armed Services Committee (if he's not named Secretary of Defense), let it be known that he would take another look at one of Carter's mistakes—the shelving of the neutron bomb. Though Tower's remark caused little fuss in the U.S., it cannot have pleased Schmidt and may have prompted his meeting with Reagan. While the neutron bomb would be an ideal weapon for NATO forces in Europe, Schmidt has never supported the concept of battlefield defense

For Worry Warts

What weighs thirty thousand tons,
Carries missiles on its runs,
Cruises deep at forty knots--
Where it squeezes off its shots?
It's a sub in Russia's fleet,
Making others obsolete.

W. H. VON DREELE

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and seems to have a special horror of the neutron bomb, a horror shared by his partner in Ostpolitik. His notion of an ideal weapon is the intercontinental kind—i.e., one that lands in either the Soviet Union or the United States.

■ The European Security Conference in Madrid was officially convened to monitor progress on the Helsinki accords and, predictably, the Soviets, however embarrassing the conference may be to them, will make no real concessions on the accords' human rights, or Basket Three, provisions. But the Madrid Conference, like every other such conference, also offers a chance to compare Eastern and Western negotiating styles; and in this, most unpredictably, the West has shone. Some of its most important victories were won outside the conference hall itself; private organizations such as the Ad Hoc Citizens' Committee for the Helsinki Review Meeting flew in dissidents, held press conferences, made headlines, and generally kept the encephalophonic Communist propaganda machine out of the front pages. Inside, Max Kampelman, co-chairman of the American delegation along with Griffin Bell, performed masterfully. The delegations of the NATO allies met four days a week; Spain (in a development with possible ramifications for the future of the alliance) was informally included in the NATO strategy talks; and all of the allies took a hard, unified line on Soviet aggression and human rights violations. Pro-Western labor leaders from the United States (Lane Kirkland of the AFL-CIO) and Europe (the Labor Party's Gang of Three, the Schmidt wing of the German SPD) also established contact for the first time. All in all, a good show. Why didn't we think of it before?

■ Ideology may be on the wane, but the Chinese regime retains plenty of fanaticism. Chiang Ching, Mao's widow, sits in the dock with the rest of the Gang of Four, on trial for everything from egging on the Cultural Revolution to plotting to seize power as Mao lay dying. If the Chinese media are any guide—and they are the best guide in such a state—the defendants will be found guilty and probably sentenced to die: the news coverage, such as it is, has denounced them all in terms once reserved for imperialist hyenas. The proceedings are being televised for the masses in what is perhaps the first show trial of the McLuhan era. In due course no doubt the judges will be tried.

■ Still swollen and purulent following its bitter conference in Blackpool, the British Labor Party has selected Michael Foot as interim party leader. That Mr. Foot was chosen (albeit in a close vote) is serious enough; his economic views tending toward Saint-Simon, and his defense policies taking off from unilateral disarmament. More frightening is the perception among Labor MPs of Foot as a peacemaker. There's bloodletting ahead, and the providential possibility that the party may disintegrate before Foot can make good on his promise to pursue policies "essential to the salvation of the world."

■ Good news, finally, from Thatcherland. The London *Times* reports that the annualized rate of inflation over the last three months is down to 9 per cent. Both public- and private-sector wage settlements are also down. The union rank and file are telling their officials that in the choice between their jobs and large wage settlements, they prefer their jobs.

■ Trying to be obliging, the National Conference of Catholic Bishops has voted to remove the word "men" from the liturgy of the Mass, as in "It will be shed for you and for all men so that sins may be forgiven." The move appeased everyone who didn't need appeasing. As for the feminists, groups like the Women's Ordination Conference gave it a welcome that looked more like a dismissal: a mere "first step," etc. As the bishops should have expected, their gesture was interpreted as a confession (that the Church had wronged women), as a capitulation (to the feminists), as a promise (that further capitulations are forthcoming), and as a kind of confirmation—of the view that the Church is not really above time but behind the times, pitifully playing catch-up ball in the modern world. "All men" is no more a derogation of women than of children. Even grown-ups used to grasp that.

■ VOICES OF MODERATION: Rabbi Alexander M. Schindler, head of the Union of American Hebrew Congregations, has attacked the Reverend Jerry Falwell and the Moral Majority by name. "I do not accuse Jerry Falwell and Bailey Smith [President of the Southern Baptist Convention] of deliberately inciting antisemitism," he explained, "but I do say that their preachments have an inevitable effect." It is, he went on, "no coincidence that the rise of right-wing Christian fundamentalism has been accompanied by the most serious outbreak of antisemitism in America since the outbreak of World War II." Reporting which in the *New York Times*, Kenneth A. Briggs termed it "the latest in a series of responses by moderate Christians and Jews . . ."

■ Out in Island Trees, Long Island, the school board has removed several "objectionable" books from the school library. Civil libertarians are shrieking about "book-burning." Their arguments are perhaps familiar enough that you will excuse us for omitting them, in favor of the other side. "The other side," writes David Seeley in the *New York Times*, "is called *parents*

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

The most arresting of all the many announcements streaming out of the transition office over recent weeks was the word of Jim Baker's appointment as chief of staff. Under most Presidents, the chief of staff emerges as the chief operating officer of the U.S. Government. He controls the paper flow, the appointment schedule, and the levers of bureaucratic power—office space, clerical staff, mess privileges, parking passes, automobiles, and aircraft. Give an able, reasonably ambitious man control of the process and he will have a better-than-even-money chance to control the policy. By most accounts, Baker is both able and ambitious, which explains the sharp reaction to his appointment.

Among the grizzled political fraternity here, there are two schools of thought on Jim Baker. The first finds in the appointment reassuring testimony to Ronald Reagan's extraordinary sense of personal and political security. The fact that he has reached out beyond his circle of longtime aides, in this view, is a harbinger of personal growth and expanded presidential vision. It is an indication that Reagan is well aware of the awesome size of his new job and is "managing up" to handle it.

The other school finds that the Baker appointment is testimony to another aspect of Reagan's political personality—his naïveté about Washington and the way it works. This school finds it scarcely credible that an incoming President would slice off a huge chunk of White House authority and hand it, few questions asked, to a man he hardly knows. Some friends of the President-elect point out that Baker will be the first man to serve as chief of staff who owes his principal political loyalty to somebody other than the President. Baker is a longtime friend, neighbor, and, until this past summer, campaign manager of George Bush.

We shall see.

■ The most popular people in town these days are the "cluster managers" at the transition office. They have been hearing from long—*long*—lost friends around the country. The most novel conversational icebreaker, reports one of the team leaders, went this way: "Hi, Dick. I'm returning your call of five years ago."

■ Yes, Jimmy Carter is still the President, as Messrs. Carter and Reagan take turns reminding each other. But just barely. When he leaves town next month he will leave virtually nothing behind, not even a full set of fingerprints. He came, he saw, he left. History will be kind to him. It will ignore him.

Making the same point, albeit from a different angle of vision, a friend challenged us to a wager the other day. He was prepared to put his money behind the proposition that, come 1984, the inaugural ceremonies would be attended by Richard M. Nixon but not by James E. Carter. He found no takers in this corner.

■ Speaking of Richard M. Nixon, the dirty little secret can now be revealed. Yes, he did favor the Reagan campaign with tactical advice—lots of it, and all of it in or around the bullseye. Nobody wants to hear this but it happens to be true: Nixon has the sharpest political mind in the country. (We happened to be sitting in the office of a senior campaign official in late October when the outside phone rang. There followed a short conversation, with the campaign man doing most of the listening and all of the note-taking. When he hung up the phone, he rolled his eyes ceilingward and reported to the small group in the office: "The Boss says we're going to carry New York." All of us shook our heads, scoffing at the notion.)

■ Robert Bauman, Maryland's embattled congressman, put on an heroic stretch drive but fell just short in his campaign for re-election, becoming one of only three GOP incumbents to lose on November 4. After disclosures of his personal and legal problems, at a moment uniquely inconvenient, Bauman fell 22 points behind his Democratic opponent in third-party polls. Displaying great courage, Bauman fought back to win 48 per cent of the vote in his rural district. Observers in both parties reckon that Bauman would have won had the election been held a week later. We expect to see him back in the Congress in January 1983.

■ Violent debates raging in the transition . . . which should go first? food stamps? EPA? ACTION? . . . frightful bickering . . . then there's the debate over national security, with the quick-fix crowd lined up against the strategic superiority types . . . tempers flaring . . . and of course the bitter struggle between the tax-cutters and the spending-cutters . . . bitch, bitch, bitch.

All in all, it's our kind of fight.

—CATO

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rights—the right of parents to have some say in the education of their children in state schools to which they are sent under compulsory attendance laws. . . . The cause of free speech is not well served by telling parents that it means the state can cram anything it wants down their children's throats, or that the courts and professional educators have a constitutional right to override their elected representatives in deciding what is best for their children." No response from the ACLU, which has so far recognized no parental right beyond the prerogative of killing a child before birth or taking him to the Soviet Union afterward.

■ What happens if you don't give a party and everyone comes? That is a question troubling students at Dartmouth College, where the administration has established Rube Goldberg-style controls over the social gatherings of undergraduates. Dartmouth students must now register all parties "involving a significant number of people" with the campus police. Violators of the policy are subject to penalties ranging from a $75 fine to expulsion from school. Violations, according to one administrator, might include: gatherings of ten persons or more in a student's room or dormitory, parties advertised by signs in halls or public areas, or social occasions at which a non-alcoholic beverage is *not* served. Water, the official said, is not considered a sufficient alternative bever-

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age. If it all sounds Orwellian, consider that the class entering the Ivy League school this fall will graduate in—you guessed it—1984.

■ In an admittedly unscientific sampling of popular opinion, *Paris-Match* correspondents discovered that only 3 per cent of Poles would vote for Communism in a free election. Either Communism has to go, or 3 per cent is a Polish mandate.

■ During the campaign, actor Robert Redford, liberal, complained to Indiana senatorial candidate Dan Quayle, conservative, about newspaper stories saying Quayle resembled Redford. Quayle's soothing reply: "People don't think I look like you. They think I look like you when you were my age."

■ Our congratulations to Mr. Carter for managing to rise from Jimmy *Who*? to Jimmy *Who*? in four short, make that interminable, years.

Reagan Is Coming

I. Radical Change in January

(Scene: Somewhere in Manhattan, an oak-paneled study. Action. Camera.)

"What was that?"

"I didn't hear anything."

"It was a sort of rumbling sound. In the distance."

"It was nothing."

"I'm not so sure. The chandelier is trembling."

"No. It was nothing. Nothing ever happens. Nothing ever changes."

(At this point, plaster begins to fall from the ceiling. The lights suddenly go out. Then the roof falls in, burying both characters.)

* * *

In fact, for the incoming Reagan Administration, all systems are, at this moment, go. Meeting with his top economic advisors in Los Angeles, the President-elect cheerfully but firmly set the course of his Administration: a radical change of direction, fresh air, good appointments, firm decisions from the top.

Supply-side economics won out over the belt-tighteners: the Kemp-Roth tax cut is at the head of the list. The $80-billion Synfuel corporation is as good as gone. Deregulation will be comprehensive. Even the locked-in-concrete civil service is no longer impregnable. Thanks to a 1978 reform law, Reagan will be able to clean out an additional 8,500 senior bureaucrats if he has to do so. The opening weeks of the Reagan Administration will be breath-taking.

Looking a bit further down the road, we will surely get a Reagan Supreme Court—three and maybe four new Justices during the next four years. It is quite plausible to hope that the long period of judicial outrage is drawing to a close.

Major policy decisions are in the works. It looks as if the MX missile will be seaborne—that is, cheaper, more flexible, and not scarring a couple of states (see page 1500). If we are to continue the grain embargo, it will have to be made effective: that is, we will have to use our economic power to buy up alternative Soviet sources in Argentina, Canada, and Australia. In general, rhetoric is out and Realpolitik is in. The Soviet Union will be treated not as a "competitor" or even an "adversary" but as what it is: a deadly enemy.

And if you were thinking of buying stock in school buses, well, don't.

II. Guess Who's Coming to Dinner

On his quick trip to Washington, Reagan charmed everyone, and exhibited flawless political instincts. He visited the Court, the first President in this century to pay such a courtesy call. He chatted with Tip O'Neill and with Helmut Schmidt. Democrats who had been ignored by Carter and the Georgians were first startled and then delighted to get dinner invitations from Reagan. The cynical O'Neill found Reagan a "personable fellow" who even seemed amused when O'Neill informed him that he was now "in the big leagues."

All of a sudden, things seemed brighter. For the Washington political and social establishment, novelty was in the air: the prospect of a President who actually seemed glad to see them, and who actually seemed able to enjoy himself.

That Washington establishment will not, at least initially, like some of Reagan's policies. But he brought with him to these initial engagements a sense of good cheer and friendly appreciation that will help to make even disagreement tolerable. It was a triumph of personal style, and in politics style is an aspect of power.

III. The Tired Party

The Democrats need a rest. They have lost their way. Not only have they, as Senator Moynihan has observed, run out of ideas, but in ways that they do not seem to comprehend they have become alien to the American spirit.

The Democrats have become the party of bureaucracy. They have become the champions of routinization and regulation, the party that says no instead of yes, the party that tries to tame the future with endless rules. The Democrats have thus set themselves

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athwart the modernizing, innovative, and optimistic thrust that is at the core of the American ethos.

The Democrats will come back to America. But they need some time to do so.

IV. Falwellism

Even though Halloween has now passed, we are being given a strong dose of scare-politics. The unlikely villain turns out to be Jerry Falwell, who is being marketed as the latest "Hitler."

Boo! In countless editorials, columns, letters, and so forth we are being invited to believe that Falwell is on the verge of taking over the country, that prayers will return to the schools (Gadzooks!), and that the Ten Commandments will have the cops behind them.

All this is nonsense, a phony issue (see below), calculated to distract attention from the real issues noted in Section I above. Falwell has a right to his opinions, but the Federal Government—and certainly a Reagan government—has no appetite for regulating private morals, and no capacity to do so. There aren't enough cops in the nation to impose the Ten Commandments on, say, San Francisco.

All the gong-beating about Falwell is merely a distraction, and should be ignored. After all, we have important things to do.

Memo to the President-Elect

In the September 29 and October 13, 1978 issues of NATIONAL REVIEW, Richard Brookhiser presented an extensive analysis of why it is next to impossible to beat city hall in Washington, D.C.—more specifically, why the last batch of Republicans to reside in the White House failed to do so. On the off-chance that you mislaid your 1978 bound volume, here are his conclusions once again, in summary form.

The dimensions of the problem. You are about to take the highest position in the most unwieldy organization in the world. How unwieldy? "In 1933, the White House staff numbered 37; today, it hovers near half a thousand. Congress has taken on more help too: in 1947, congressmen and congressional committees employed 2,433 staffers; by 1975, their number had quadrupled. Nor are they idle—since 1933, according to an estimate by the New York Bar Association, the congressional workload has doubled every five years. The number of permanent subcommittees in the House and Senate has swollen, since the legislative reform act of 1946, to over two hundred and sixty."

What to expect. This tremendous bureaucratic mob, which long ago lost the capacity to check and balance itself in the manner the Founders intended, functions as a collection of independent, *ad hoc* committees, permanently sitting, and known locally as triangles. "The triangle is that set of congressmen, federal employees, and lobbyists who design, administer, and benefit from the laws relating to a certain subject. In pursuit of its interests, a triangle will frustrate Administration policy, blinker Congress, and manipulate the media whenever possible." The other members of the government, who might curb them, are "overwhelmed with duties (and triangles) of their own." Thus they "rubber-stamp the verdicts of interested parties. 'With the exception of headline-catching legislation,' wrote Senator [James] Buckley, 'there is an institutional tendency to assume that the relevant committee has done its job. . . . This assumption continues to prevail . . . because the only other alter-

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native is for a senator [or anyone else] to try to arrive at an independent analysis and judgment that time and available facilities simply will not allow."

To make matters worse, most of these people are Democrats. "It is a standard feature of Republican polemics that the career civil service is infested with Democrats; two political scientists, Joel Aberbach of the University of Michigan and Bert Rockman of the University of Pittsburgh, in a 1970 poll of career 'super-grades,' found this to be the case. 'Our findings document a career bureaucracy with very little Republican representation.' "

These people will not take kindly to the suggestion that they fly right. "It took them years to dig their particular tunnel into the public vault, and they don't want the vault moved" (John Gardner). They will campaign against you within the Executive Branch; they will campaign against you on the Hill; if all else fails, they will throw dead cats at you in the press. "There is an ideological bias in the national media against conservatives; but there is also a professional bias against whoever happens to be in the White House, because inside dirt makes better reading than press releases. There is even an additional professional bias against conservative White Houses, since the traumas of chopping a program ('HUNCHBACKS TO GO HUNGRY') always make better copy than the forebodings against setting one up ('Officials in the Treasury Department are reportedly concerned that the proposed Hunchback Education and Lunch Program [HELP?] will create distortions in the economy . . .'). In any case, leakers are sure of eager ears."

What not to do. Richard Nixon, the last elected Republican President, pursued two courses in the face of this situation, both of them disastrous. His first impulse was to let things slide. " 'I would disperse power, spread it among able people,' he had told reporters in May 1968. Eight months later, he was telling his Secretaries to think of themselves as 'Deputy Presidents.' " This laissez-faire attitude extended even to personnel matters. "In a December 9, 1968 memo to his speechwriters, Nixon noted that 'sub-Cabinet appointees will not be imposed on the members of the Cabinet.' A few months later, Nixon iterated to his Secretaries that the 2,500 non-career appointments in the Executive Branch were theirs to make. Moreover, they should consider ability first, and loyalty second. As Nixon left the Cabinet room, he turned to an aide and remarked, 'I just made a big mistake.' "

Indeed he had. "Nixon's remark only reinforced the tendency of freshman Secretaries to fall into the embraces of veteran holdovers." There occurred, as a result, "that hierarchical inversion known as 'capturing,' wherein administrators, through ignorance or bewilderment, pass up to their superiors the policies and philosophy of their underlings. 'For a month or so,' [Martin] Anderson told Richard Whalen, 'the bureaucrats were scared to death. Then, when nothing happened, they went ahead with business as usual. After a while, they had so much contempt for us, they didn't even bother to return our calls.' "

When this strategy collapsed in ruins, Nixon turned to the shibboleths of corporate management. "Good businessmen all," Nixon's advisors "saw the President as the manager of the Executive Branch; and to help him manage they proposed the creation of a Domestic Council." It didn't work. "At the White House, the anti-bureaucrats soon found that they had become a bureaucracy of their own. Ehrlichman, an able problem-solver, was trapped by his talent into taking on more and more problems of decreasing importance; his aides were subtly transformed from policymakers into ombudsmen and errand boys."

Nixon planned, in his second term, to mount a more determined attack on federal bloat; how determined, we will never know, for Watergate intervened—Ehrlichman's most intractable problem.

What then is to be done?

There are, for starters, over two thousand non-civil-service positions you can fill. Fill them well—and fill them *all*. "Every night, before going to bed, all the President's personnel men should repeat, 'There is no such thing as neutral competence.' It is simply not true that ten, fifteen, twenty years of developing and advocating certain approaches do not leave their effect. An Assistant Secretary's sympathy with the minds of his superiors inevitably affects his competence."

People will come to you with plans for the restructuring of the White House and the Executive Branch,

Unpleasant Findings

Thomas Bouchard, who's a biggie
At the U. of Minnesota,
Did a paper on two twins who
Lived apart for many seasons.
One was raised a Nazi, cheering
Where the swastikas were waving,
While the other grew to manhood,
Jewish, in the Caribbean.
Still, their manners, moods and habits,
IQ test scores, sports and hobbies
Are so similar they shattered
The environmental lobby;
Gave a turn to those progressives
Who would ban genetic studies,
While the outcast, William Shockley,
Murmurs placidly, "I told you."

W. H. VON DREELE

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all in the name of efficiency. Apart from cutting back the federal system's newest growths, the two DOEs, don't pay too much attention. "Every year an agency exists adds yet another ring, tree-like, to its sense of mission; and Washington, it is our thesis, is filled with superfluous missions. Reorganization, however, is the most difficult procedural reform."

For ultimately, your problems are not procedural, but ideological and political. "Management" is meaningless without a clear vision of the ends for which things are to be managed, and these ends are achieved, not by rearranging organizational charts, but at the polls, in Congress, and in the conference rooms in the Executive Branch. "Political problems require political solutions. The Federal Government will not shape up until the people stop expecting it to pass certain types of laws; and the people will not stop expecting unless they are appealed to. Big government has choked on itself. But liberals who share its premises can only tinker with it; while conservatives who do not rebut them might as well be off in right field, in another ball park."

Tide of Hysteria

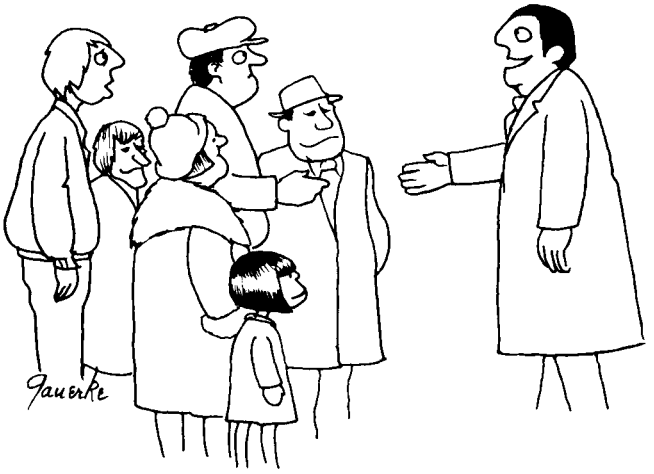
Earl Warren once wrote: "The ACLU has stood four-square against the recurring tides of hysteria that from time to time threaten freedoms everywhere." Well, there is a new tide of hysteria rolling in, and the ACLU is riding on it.

A full-page ad in the *New York Times* proclaims the ACLU's current recruiting and fundraising message: "If the Moral Majority has its way, you'd better start praying." The pitch, following Jimmy Carter's campaign theme in New York, is clearly aimed at scaring Jews with dire warnings of pogroms and persecutions. The words "Christian" and "Jew" don't appear, but a cartoon shows a cross-wielding bigot riding horsey-back on Uncle Sam.

"The Moral Majority—and other groups like them [*sic*]—think that children should pray in school. Not just their children. Your children."

Scary stuff, eh? We know of no Moral Majoritarian who would force children to pray against their own or their parents' wishes. We do know of organizations that are less tolerant: the ACLU, for instance, thinks children should be bused to schools many miles from home, on racial grounds. Not just their children. Your children.

Now the ACLU loves to encourage the misapprehension that its business is to defend the U.S. Constitution (rather than to propagate secularism and collectivism). But its image as defender of civil liberty is plausible only to the extent that a) you don't actually read the Constitution or b) you don't count the



"As your elected representative, I'm interested in your problems. I hope you'll contact me at the Minimum Security Correctional Facility of this state."

Ninth and Tenth Amendments as valid parts of same. The Left—emphatically including the ACLU—has worked around the clock for half a century to break down the federal structure, centralize state power, and brush aside notions of restraint on the scope of federal activity. It has never cavilled at "civil rights" and "affirmative action" measures—legislative, judicial, or bureaucratic—that establish virtual penalties and presumptions of guilt based on color.

So when the ACLU accuses the Moral Majority of lusting "to capture the power of government and use it to establish a nightmare of religious and political orthodoxy," one ought to bear in mind who has helped make the power of government what it is today. The ACLU's charges are so serious as to be slanderous if they are false, and the ACLU ad offers no evidence of their truth. But even if the Moral Majority were that bad, nobody would be more awkwardly situated to complain than bogus civil libertarians.

Democratic Mischief

Blacks are worried about Reagan, at least according to black leaders, whose business it is to tell us what blacks are worried about. "I am amazed and perturbed at the number of black people who feel that we are in a real warfare," Benjamin Hooks, executive director of the NAACP, announced at a press conference during an "emergency strategy session" of the organization's regional leaders in New York. Some blacks, he said, "are buying pistols and ammunition and rifles" and "preparing for overt violence." Meanwhile, in Philadelphia, one thousand people, many of them annoyed with Reagan, resolved to establish a National Black Independent Political Party.

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President Reagan cannot hope for support from the fever swamps, from which there is already arising the expected chorus of bellows and croaks. (The politicos of the National Black Party, besides expressing their disdain for Reagan, have formally pledged to oppose "racism, sexism, capitalism, and imperialism.") But if Hooks is correct, then more people are upset than just radicals, in which case it is pertinent to ask why.

Reagan certainly gave no cause for offense in the course of his campaign. His first major speech after receiving the nomination was to the National Urban League. "The policies of the Democratic Party leadership during these past four years," he told them, "have produced the single most dangerous threat to black progress today: an economic recession," and he offered special tax cuts and accelerated depreciation schedules for urban "enterprise zones" as a remedy. Reagan impressed several black journalists with his attitude: Earl Caldwell of the *New York Daily News* called his Urban League Speech "compelling," while William Raspberry of the *Washington Post* wrote approvingly of his welfare record in California. None of this was expected to help Reagan at the polls, and indeed it did not: Carter's huge margin among black voters in 1976 was about the only thing the President kept. All the more credit to Reagan, one would have thought, for having made his pitch.

So if Reagan isn't responsible for black anxieties, who is? Was it Jimmy Carter, who warned that a Reagan Administration would set black against white? Was it Carter's Secretary of Health and Human Services, Patricia Harris, who pointed out that "the Invisible Empire, Knights of the Ku Klux Klan has endorsed Ronald Reagan for President"? Could it have been Jimmy Carter on the occasion when he detected "stirrings of hate" in the Reagan campaign? Or was it Andrew Young, an official speaker for the Carter-Mondale Re-Election Committee, when he said that Reagan's references to states' rights looked like a "code word that it's going to be all right to kill niggers when he's President"?

Mr. Smoothie

See how Ronald Reagan smiles;
See how well he works the aisles.
At his dinners, note who gets
Romanced into deft duets.
Later when he's on the tube,
Watch how he applies the lube.
Though a President may toil,
Nothing moves without some oil.

W. H. VON DREELE

The slanders of the Carter campaign were desperate gambits, the last gasps of a candidate with no real issues to run on; in this, they bear a resemblance to the current huffing and puffing about the pineywoods theocrats who are supposed to overwhelm us all. But Reagan must now live with their effects. "I would hate to see the Reagan Administration," Hooks said, "clouded in these early days by things for which they [*sic*] should not be held accountable." So would we. Too bad the Democrats didn't agree.

Ben Rogge, RIP

Ben Rogge, who taught economics at Wabash for 31 years and died in harness at the age of sixty, will be remembered for many things and missed for all of them. He was the deftest of moderators, whether he was presiding over a seminar on Adam Smith at the Liberty Fund in Indianapolis or handling questions in his capacity as chairman of the board at Leonard Read's Foundation for Economic Education at Irvington-on-Hudson. Ben had an ideal platform manner, combining severity with humor. In Leonard Read's phrase, he never "leaked" as a proponent of the free economy. But he didn't expect too much from businessmen, who could be beguiled by political subsidy, and there were times when he thought Schumpeter might be right in his predictions that capitalism would fail because it had never enlisted the support of intellectuals.

As a lecturer on economics Ben Rogge had no equal. Since he was a believer in the "market," he let the competition for his services as a speaker wean him away from writing articles and books. He did one textbook, with John Van Sickle, which he downplayed as immature insofar as his own part of it was concerned. Surprisingly, when the Liberty Press got Ben to link a collection of his speeches together under loose topic heads for a book, *Can Capitalism Survive?*, the result was a coherent essay enlivened by a most whimsical sense of humor. Ben was an accomplished writer after all, and there must be material in his desk drawers to make more than one good posthumous volume.

At Wabash Ben had a reputation for mixing mercy with justice in a way that even his enemies considered entirely fair. When he was Dean he had the problem of disciplining students for a rowdy invasion of the DePauw campus at nearby Greencastle. He let it be known that he expected the rioters to come to him individually, presumably for absolution after confession. They all came. Ben inspired trust in all those who had anything to do with him, and it is a good bet that his many disciples will someday prove that Schumpeter was wrong.

—JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

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Mae West, R I P

Mae West specialized in tight slinky gowns, blondness, a languid and sultry voice, a swaying strut, and a figure that made Dolly Parton look like Twiggy. Ostensibly a seductress—"Come up and *see* me sometime"—her effect was, paradoxically, the opposite. By kidding sex, by exaggerating sex, she really communicated a kind of relief from it—a useful thing to do.

She had a rich wit, and many of her remarks became legendary: "The man I don't like doesn't exist." "Too much of a good thing can be wonderful." And some of her funniest lines, ad libs, ended up on the cutting-room floor ("Do you have a gun in your pocket, or are you just glad to see me?").

From St. Paul through de Sade and Freud to Masters and Johnson—and despite the different attitudes taken—we are instructed that sex is Very Serious Stuff. Mae West offered some relief from the heavy view, finding the humor in sex, and also communicating a robust camaraderie. Everyone got the point, and got into the act. During World War II, the RAF named its inflatable life-jackets "Mae Wests," and the U.S. Army did the same for its twin-turreted tanks.

A great entertainer and—in a way—a force for sanity.

Notes & Asides

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

I was taught in my youth, by a woman, tenderly, never to write an editor *ab irato*, because, she said, they are creatures of circumstance and cannot help themselves. It is a better thing to set another editor, whose attack and defense instincts please you, upon the offending member. Thus a pet scorpion will defend his territory, and free his master from the exertion of constant alertness.

Worship is a trade magazine for those who pretend to understand the new liturgy and other Druid practices. Their readership can often be seen, on a Sunday morning, holocausting goats and festooning ancient trees with their entrails.

Worship, as must all publications, prints a statement of ownership once a year, wherein the father must declare himself and acknowledge his child. In this case, you will observe a whole new dimension in Church-State cooperation; and I quote: "The owner is the Order of St. Benedict, Inc., Collegeville, Minnesota 56321. The known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of the total amount of bonds or other securities are HUD, HEW, Washington, D.C. The average number of copies of each issue is seventy-five hundred."

Those who would murder babies as an option to solve the problems of the poor also finance the liturgical options factory down there in Minnesota.

Ma always said: "*Cujus regio, ejus religio.*" The teaching of Latin is deprecated these days. Pity. The immortal language of the Church was a bulwark against unholy alliances, such as priest-vandals, bishop-vandals, cardinal-vandals, and *Worship*-HUD-HEW.

Kyrie Eleison. Christe Eleison. Kyrie Eleison. They shall all burn. Every one.

Fondly,
Paul Fournier
Aylmer, Que.

■ Memo to: WFB
From: WFR

Hope you had a chance to take in the display at the Princeton Club (43rd Street) of manuscripts, correspondence, first editions, magazine covers, etc., relating to the career of our friend Finis Farr, Princeton '26. Copies of college lit mags '24-'26 with Finis's first efforts; a commendation letter from Admiral Richard E. Byrd for Finis's radio script in 1938; the May 1, 1944 *Time* photo of Finis and General "Vinegar Joe" Stilwell in the China theater; the full-length shot of Finis in the September 25, 1944 *Newsweek* in a story about the Armed Forces' radio reporting; first editions of *Chicago*, *Elephant Valley*, *FDR*, *O'Hara*, *Frank Lloyd Wright*, *Margaret Mitchell*, *Rickenbacker's Luck*, *Black Champion*. More than fifty years of writing paid court to; and what a pleasure to think that he's got three more books in the hopper, three at least—and writing just as beautifully as ever. Thought you'd like to know . . .

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

In case you would ever like to change your name, we Segos would gladly welcome you. I might even pay the court cost. On second thought, I'd be glad to.

With great respect,
George E. Sego
GESCO Chemical Co.
Little Rock, Ark.

Dear Mr. Sego: Thanks very much. Would you be willing to adopt me? I am available, always provided you have room in your house for *NR*'s deficit. Cordially,
—WFB

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The Current WISDOM

Transition Fever

NEAL B. FREEMAN

IT SAYS here in the civics book that The Transition is a time of rebirth and renewal, a quiet passage in the seamless story of American democracy. It says here that one Administration segues smoothly into the next, reaffirming our faith in the political system. It says here that what we are witnessing is the orderly transfer of power.

Funny thing. From where we sit The Transition looks about as orderly as your average looting spree through the South Bronx. At transition headquarters, it is reliably leaked, the infighting has reached such intensity that they are stabbing each other in the front. The principal source of the conflict is the dawning numerical reality that Republicans now outnumber high-level federal jobs. This development represents a watershed in bureaucratic history, with all the predictable consequences. Throw open the door to power and fame and the world will beat a path to your personnel office. From the lobby prowlers at 1726 M Street alone you could cast a half-dozen road companies of *A Chorus Line*.

Consider the numbers. As anticipated, the incoming Administration will have the authority to hire approximately 2,800 Schedule C or "political" appointees. These jobs pay between $20,000 and $50,000, with the bulk of the positions falling toward the high end of the range. This is patronage of Daleyesque dimensions, but it only begins to describe the opportunity. (In politics, every opportunity is also a problem: for every appointment made, a deep-rooted grudge is created.) As a result of civil service "reform," the Administration will also have a crack at one thousand appointments in the Senior Executive Service (SES) paying $50,000 each. These slots are reserved for non-career bureaucrats and thus provide the incoming President with his own bureaucracy-wide layer of management. Additionally, for aberrational reasons, the incoming Administration will have some two thousand career SES vacancies to fill. Alternating carrot and stick, the White House may find this group responsive to its basic policy initiatives. All told, The Transition has hung out a Help Wanted sign for almost three thousand jobs paying $50,000 or more.

Hindsight for Reagan

That sign has drawn a crowd, of course. Each day hundreds of old friends drop in, thousands of résumés arrive, and countless telephone callers just-want-to-say-hello. Most of what passes for Republican Washington is in a frenzy. (An anthropological note here. As far as we have been able to learn, your nation's capital is the only place in the Lower 48 where it is the custom for stickers to be applied to automobile bumpers *after* Election Day. Fortunately, the R&D department at the transition office has already developed a quick, inexpensive carbon-dating process that can determine within thirty minutes the exact time of application.)

The roster of job-seekers provides endless fascination for pop sociologists. The most conspicuous category is that of the public man—William Simon, Cap Weinberger, Alexander Haig, and such like. These are men of accomplishment in their fifties and sixties. They do not seek jobs or prepare résumés, but they signal their availability in unmistakable ways. Say, lunch with Rowlie Evans at the Metropolitan Club. They have made their professional marks, educated their children, put financial worries and personal ambition a bit to the side. They are ready to make a contribution to the nation, as pretentious as that sounds. The President-elect is lucky to have them and he knows it.

The much larger if less well known group is a veritable human wave of youngish lawyers, economists, sociologists, writers, press agents, and policy analysts. Many of them served in entry-level positions under Nixon and Ford, most of them didn't. But they sense in a Reagan Administration the chance of a lifetime—a personal springboard to professional and post-government success.

Their résumés, as a general rule, are more impressive than the Simons' and the Haigs' would have been at a comparable age. (This is not to say that their accomplishments will one day exceed or even match those of Simon, Haig, et. al., but rather to suggest that they have spent more energy in the cultivation of résumés.) Before these people stretches a road of many turns, in-and-out careers combining public and private jobs in a symbiotic mixture. The only problem with these people, as Reagan's old friends have quietly remarked, is that they are available. In the view from the kitchen cabinet, a quality man or woman between the ages of 35 and fifty *should not be available*. These are the producing years and he or she should be committed elsewhere, to business and family and the sinking of roots. A President has to *sell* these people.

Catch-22

Which bring the President-elect to the ubiquitous Catch-22 of contemporary government. With generous allowances for personal exception, the people volunteering to work for him are precisely those for whom his kind of government could find no place. The top jobs will go to men (and to two women) of extraordinary talent and dedication. The Cabinet will be as distinguished as any in memory. But at the second management level, the assistant secretary and deputy director level, the personnel problem will be acute. The people he needs in those critical operating positions are simply not stepping forward. For them, government service makes no sense. If they have been building something real (while letting their résumés go to hell), they cannot afford the sacrifice. A tour in government would mean not just a diverting, contact-building interlude, but the sharp devaluation of a decade of productive growth.

It seems clear enough: the success of the Reagan Administration may well depend on how effectively the President-elect meets this first challenge to his leadership. □

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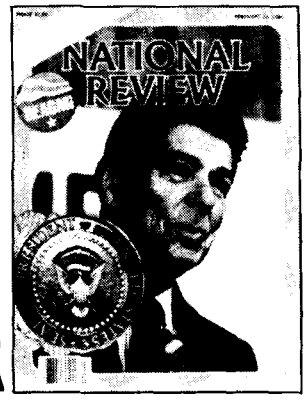
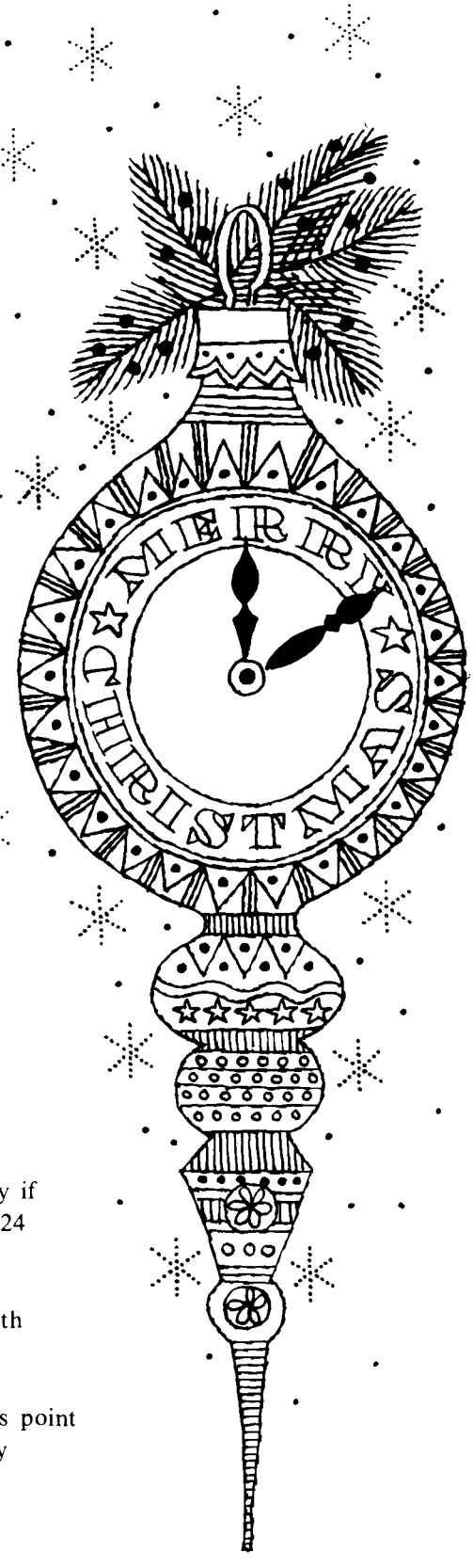
It's Never Too Late...



FOR A REALLY THOUGHTFUL CHRISTMAS GIFT



What gift will be more *appreciated* this year than *National Review*, the magazine of the New Majority (?!). You couldn't ask for anything *better*, to send to any conservative you know (or the students you care about) – not to mention a lot of doubters who maybe *want* to read NR now?

NR is also just the thing to take care of those nagging last-minute shopping problems, and or the hard-to-please people on your list. It will be appreciated by your business associates, and it's one present that lasts all year, a constant reminder of your thoughtfulness.

It's easy to give too. Just take a few moments now to jot down your instructions and return the card facing this page to us. We'll take care of all the details and we'll be glad to bill you later if you wish.

Enter as many gift subscriptions as you like (use your own stationery if the card doesn't have enough space) at our special Christmas rates —$24 for the first subscription (which may be your own, or your first gift), then just $19 for each additional full-year (26 issues) subscription. You save a full $5.00 on each additional gift — and each one will begin with our 25th Anniversary issue (worth $2.00) as a FREE BONUS, so you actually save $7.00 in all!

But the important thing is to send us your order immediately: at this point there is no time to waste. Please do it now? Thanks, and a very Merry Christmas to you.

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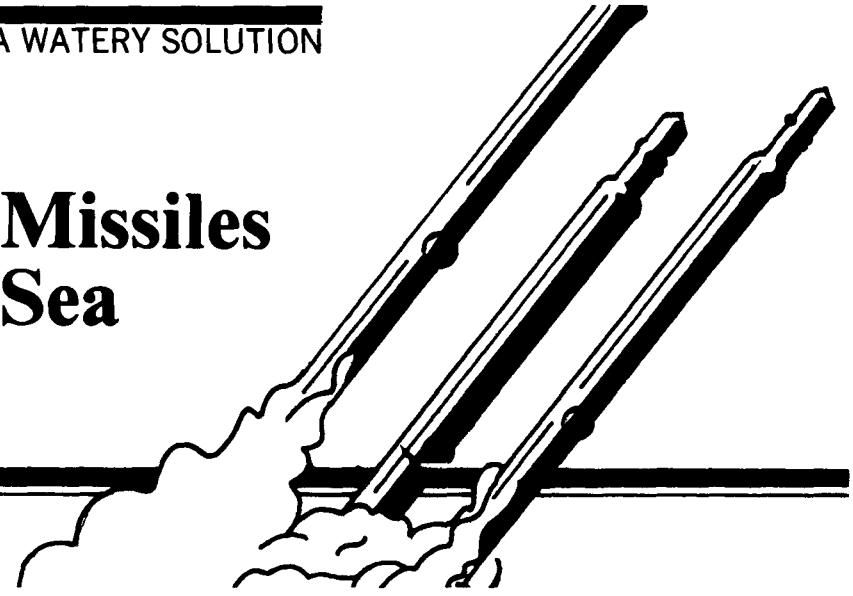
A WATERY SOLUTION

Move MX Missiles Out to Sea



JOHN E. DRAIM

THE UNITED STATES has spent billions of dollars since the end of World War II for both military and space rocket vehicles. Rockets themselves are costly, but so are the extensive facilities required to launch them. The above-ground assembly buildings, blockhouses, launch pads, and gantries at Vandenberg and Cape Canaveral have their underground counterparts in the Minuteman and Titan missile fields of the Western states.

The Carter Administration has approved for development a new strategic deterrent system, the MX Linear Grid. The full impact of emplacing MX missiles and their extensive support facilities in the states of Utah and Nevada is only beginning to be recognized, and public opposition to their deployment is mounting. The project would be the largest public works effort ever undertaken by mankind—dwarfing even the Great Wall of China and the Pyramids of Egypt.

During this century, the French constructed the Maginot Line along their border with Germany. In terms of the tonnage of concrete and steel used in their construction, the proposed MX system is the equivalent of six Maginot Lines. With ten thousand miles of paved roadway (equivalent to about one-fourth of the entire U.S. Interstate Highway System), the MX complex is geographically at least twenty times as extensive as the Maginot Line.

The French Army Command actually viewed the Maginot Line as a "mobility" system. Tunnels containing many miles of railways and roadways were constructed to permit the rapid shifting of troops from one sector to another. Maginot, Weygand, and Gamelin intended, as General Douglas MacArthur explained in his *Reminiscences*, to take the offensive by carrying out an envelopment maneuver. When the German invasion came, however, they simply remained in passive resistance. Whereas the Maginot Line was meant to be the pivot of a bold offense, it became instead the universal symbol of static (and unsuccessful) defense. In MacArthur's words, "History has a strange way, at times, of making white look black."

Proponents of the MX system refer to it as a "mobile" system. Massive wheeled vehicles (the largest ever built) will move the MX missiles from one shelter to another on an irregular schedule. In the complex system, there are to be 4,600 reinforced concrete shelters to accommodate two hundred missiles, or 23 shelters for each missile. The Secretary of Defense and his analysts are betting that an enemy will be unable, for the next two decades, to determine which shelters contain the missiles.

★ *Roll, Splash, Boom!*

Opponents of the system argue that, in the absence of a ratified SALT II treaty limiting the number of Soviet warheads, one or two nuclear warheads could be used to knock out each shelter in a time-coordinated attack (since the exact location of each of the 4,600 shelters will be known well in advance). Thus, all two hundred missiles could be destroyed almost simultaneously. Unable to ignore this possibility, the Department of Defense is looking into emplacing a massive (and expensive) ABM system alongside the MX system for protection. Even without the ABM system included, cost estimates for MX range from $33 billion to in excess of $100 billion, depending on who is doing the estimating.

At all events, there are strategists who will argue that any system anchored in 2.4 million tons of concrete has very little mobility, and even less flexibility from a military perspective. They point out too that good strategy dictates that battles be fought elsewhere than on the land one seeks to preserve and defend. With MX emplaced in the planned locations, an enemy nuclear attack would surely obliterate both Utah and Nevada. Moreover, warheads detonating at ground level would suck up great amounts of radioactive

Captain Draim, U.S. Navy (retired), was the originator and Program Manager of Project HYDRA. An Annapolis graduate, Captain Draim helped develop naval weapons systems for NATO and was subsequently attached to the Assistant Secretary of the Air Force to develop space systems. He holds a number of patents in the field of rockets and space systems.

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soil and distribute it downwind over most of the eastern half of the country, exposing the population to intense, possibly fatal, doses of radioactivity.

In 1960, at Point Mugu, California, a U.S. Navy research team directly attacked the deficiencies of land-based launch support facilities. They proposed using a highly mobile and flexible launch-pad which could accept rockets of all sizes and shapes, was indestructible in the event of fire or explosion, and was available at no expense. This launch-pad was the ocean itself, or more precisely any body of water deep enough to float a rocket vertically. The Navy project to develop the floating launch was named, appropriately, "Project HYDRA," after the mythological nine-headed monster which rises from the water and grows two new heads for each one that is cut off.

The floating-launch concept is deceptively simple. Bare, unencapsulated rockets are waterproofed and made buoyant (through design or the addition of external floats). As the rocket motor builds up to full thrust, the floating rocket rises vertically from its wet pad. Once clear of the water, it is indistinguishable from any land-launched rocket. Surprisingly, tests showed that the added upward force of buoyancy actually results in a performance benefit over land-launched missiles.

It soon became apparent that important military advantages were gained by using the HYDRA launch method. Once the HYDRA missile is developed, it can be either dropped, slid, or rolled from a surface ship; alternatively, it can be floated up from a submerged submarine. By experimenting, the Navy HYDRA team found that almost any variety of ship, barge, or seagoing platform could, with little or no modification, be used as a transporter of HYDRA missiles. Very large missiles could be handled with little more difficulty than was experienced with smaller ones. They could be dropped in the water either vertically or horizontally, since they quickly erected themselves to the vertical. Finally, an awesome concentration of firepower is possible, since any number of missiles can be launched simultaneously.

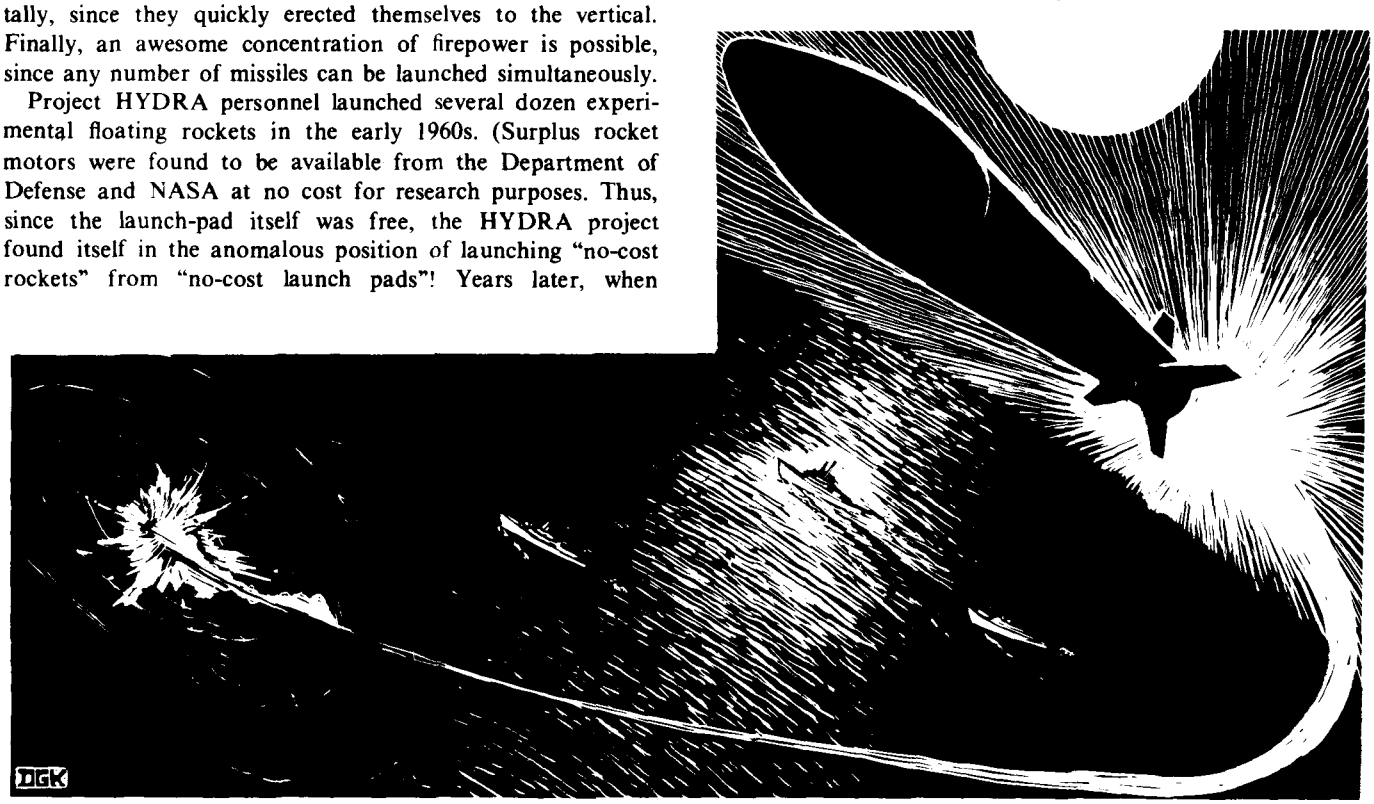
Project HYDRA personnel launched several dozen experimental floating rockets in the early 1960s. (Surplus rocket motors were found to be available from the Department of Defense and NASA at no cost for research purposes. Thus, since the launch-pad itself was free, the HYDRA project found itself in the anomalous position of launching "no-cost rockets" from "no-cost launch pads"! Years later, when queried by Administration officials, Navy comptrollers were unable to find any line-item funding for Project HYDRA in their financial records.) The majority of HYDRA tests were conducted using solid-propellant rockets, but several storable liquid rockets were also launched successfully from the water. A solid-propellant HYDRA rocket was launched in a high wind and choppy seas at Point Mugu in April 1960, in the course of a press conference. In spite of the poor launch conditions, the inherent stability of the rocket resulted in a smooth, near-vertical launch, and extensive press coverage.

★ The Telephone Pole Launch

Old-timers at Mugu still speak of the notorious "telephone-pole" launch. To prove that a rocket motor could still develop full thrust even when deeply submerged, project engineers came up with a unique demonstration. They attached a rocket motor to a hundred-foot-long telephone pole. Floating vertically off the coast of Southern California, the telephone pole seemed rigidly anchored in its watery pad—insensitive to the waves which caused nearby boats to bob up and down. Upon rocket ignition, the pole rose several hundred feet in the air before falling back into the water ready for the next launch.

Less than six months after the project started, a full-sized HYDRA ICBM test model was constructed. The missile was 44 feet long and weighed ten tons. Powered by a solid-propellant motor, HYDRA II could be launched almost casually, without fuss or expense. Several times the launching crew floated it out of the flooded well deck of the dock landing ship *U.S.S. Alamo*. On other occasions, no ship at all was used, the missile being placed in the water using a boat cra-

(Continues on page 1526)



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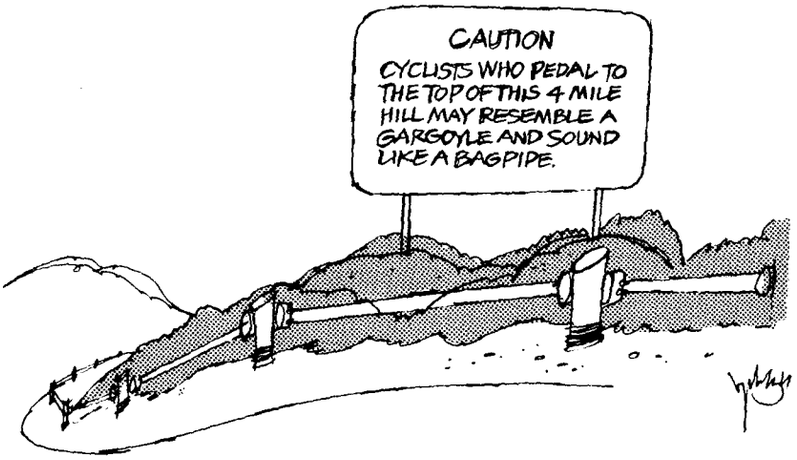

The Media March On

We've got a Republican Senate;
  Last week we heard Carter go *Splat!*
The House is conservative-leaning,
  And Reagan is coming to bat.
Still, Reston and Rather and Cronkite,
  John Chancellor, Walters—the lot,
Can't get through their liberal noggins
  That Handout America's shot.

W. H. von Dreele

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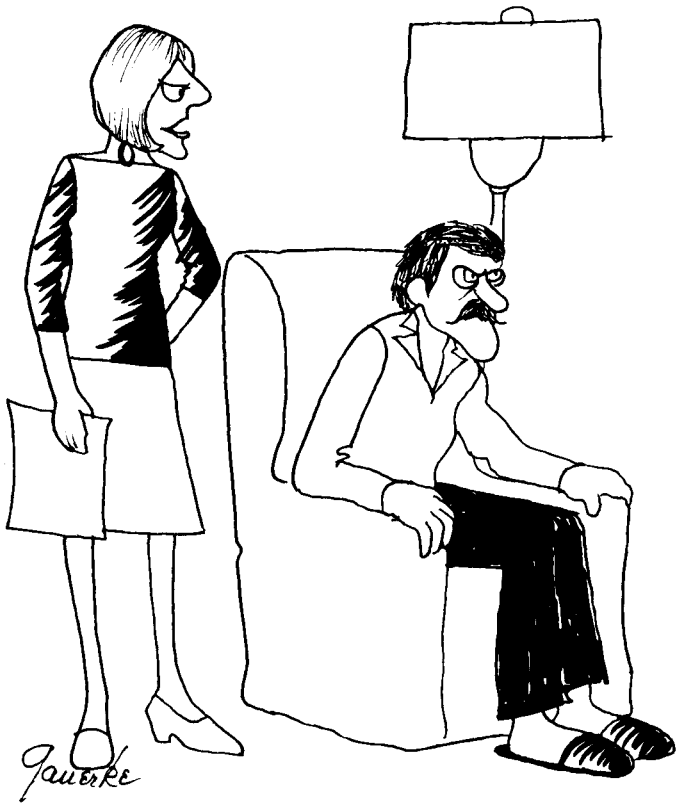
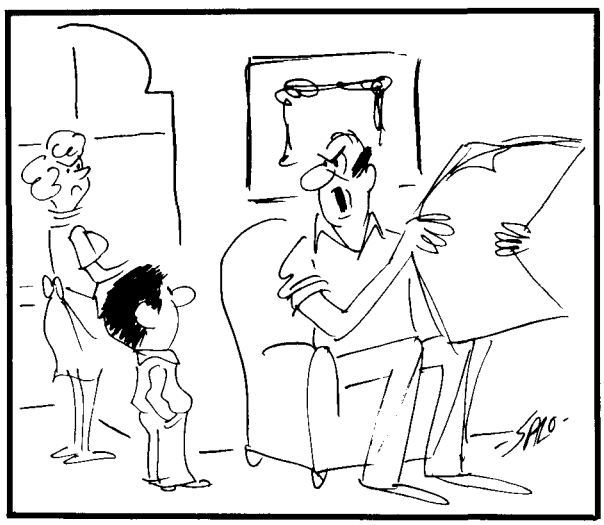
MACNELLY THE RICHMOND NEWS LEADER. ©1980 BY CHICAGO TRIBUNE
Still too close to call, Walter, but judging from the size of the rock that just fell on our computer...
Mount St. Ronnie
POLLING, PROBING and PHONEBANK VOLCANIC EXPERTS



"Ever since you became a born-again secular humanist, you see evangelicals under the bed, evangelicals infiltrating the Post Office, evangelicals in the woodpile . . ."



Salo Rothco

"The prime rate is the rate at which your mother spends money!"

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The End of SOCIALIST ANTI-COMMUNISM?

WILLIAM R. KINTNER

In the past several years, the Socialist International (SI) has concentrated its efforts on becoming the crucial link between Washington and Moscow on the matter of nuclear disarmament for Central Europe. Wittingly or unwittingly, the Carter Administration has seemingly acquiesced in the SI's efforts to assume this self-appointed role, which can only work to Moscow's advantage and NATO's disadvantage.

The Socialist International, an association of social-democratic parties (principally from Western Europe), was once a bulwark against Communist expansion. For many years, the United States and the Socialist International shared fundamental assumptions about the international order. Indeed, for thirty years, America and the democracies of Western Europe have enjoyed a full-fledged partnership as manifested in the Atlantic Alliance. And a majority of those West European polities are governed (either alone or in coalition with other parties) by the social democrats; where the social democrats do not govern, they make up the significant opposition.

So, it is no small matter to find that during the last half of the 1970s, and into the 1980s, the Socialist International has undergone a sea-change in its international outlook, wherein the Soviet threat, once taken seriously, is now deliberately played down. One manifestation of this change was the establishment of the Independent Commission on North-South Problems, an SI offshoot. Both the Commission and the SI are, in fact, headed by Willy Brandt, the former West German chancellor. A second manifestation, and the one that concerns me here, is the emerging Disarmament Commission, an organization ostensibly not under the aegis of the SI but which is to be led by former Swedish Prime Minister Olof Palme, a leading SI personage.

The appearance of the Disarmament Commission on the international scene should be a cause for concern. For it has the potential to worsen the already frayed relations between America and her NATO allies. Moreover, it could make more difficult the already formidable task of redressing the present "Eurostrategic" balance. And, finally, it might well lead Western Europe down the road to "Finlandization"—subservience to Soviet foreign policy.

Where did the Disarmament Commission come from, and what role will it play in the conflict between East and West?

For many years, the Soviet Union has been assiduously cultivating the West European "peace forces," with particular emphasis on the left-wing elements of the various European social-democratic parties. Throughout the Seventies, the Communist Party of the Soviet Union (CPSU) concentrated on bilateral relations with the West European members of the SI, particularly the Belgian, French, British, and Scandinavian parties, and these relationships provided invaluable assistance to the CPSU in its campaign against the neutron bomb.

In April 1978, to the consternation of his own key advisors, President Carter announced that he would defer production of the neutron bomb. That same month, during the SI's disarmament conference in Helsinki, Olof Palme welcomed Carter's announcement, adding that "this postponement must be used to the utmost—to expose the fact that the arguments for the neutron bomb do not hold good, *any more than do the arguments for other nuclear weapons.*" (My emphasis.) Present at the conference were James Leonard, then the U.S. Deputy Representative to the UN, and Boris Ponomarev, Secretary of the CPSU's Central Committee, both of whom invited increased European participation in arms-control initiatives. Somewhat curious is the fact that the largest delegation to this SI-sponsored conference was that of the Soviet Union.

Two months later, the SI decided to establish a special study group on disarmament, headed by Kalevi Sorsa of Finland. That study group then visited a number of capitals, Washington included. President Carter is reported to have praised the group's work and to have encouraged them to go to Moscow. (When later challenged for making an initiative to the CPSU, SI's Secretary-General, Bernt Carlsson, told

Mr. Kintner is a professor of Political Science at the University of Pennsylvania and President of the Foreign Policy Research Institute.

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an American observer, "After all, your own President encouraged us.")

Last fall, the SI study group did travel to Moscow, and met with a number of leading officials, including Leonid Brezhnev and Boris Ponomarev. A correspondent for *Socialist Affairs* (an SI periodical) reported that "common ground was found in a demand for concrete and progressive arms control." The Soviets and the SI officials also agreed on the "complete necessity of the ratification of SALT II and the beginning of SALT III as soon as possible—including negotiations on nuclear strategic middle-range weapons systems." Particularly impressive—to the correspondent—was Brezhnev's offer to start negotiations on the limitation of intermediate-range nuclear systems in Europe, as well as his offer to withdraw unilaterally a significant number of ground troops from East Germany. Soviet diplomatic activity soon reflected these discussions—and this just before the NATO Council was to discuss deployment of the Pershing missile.

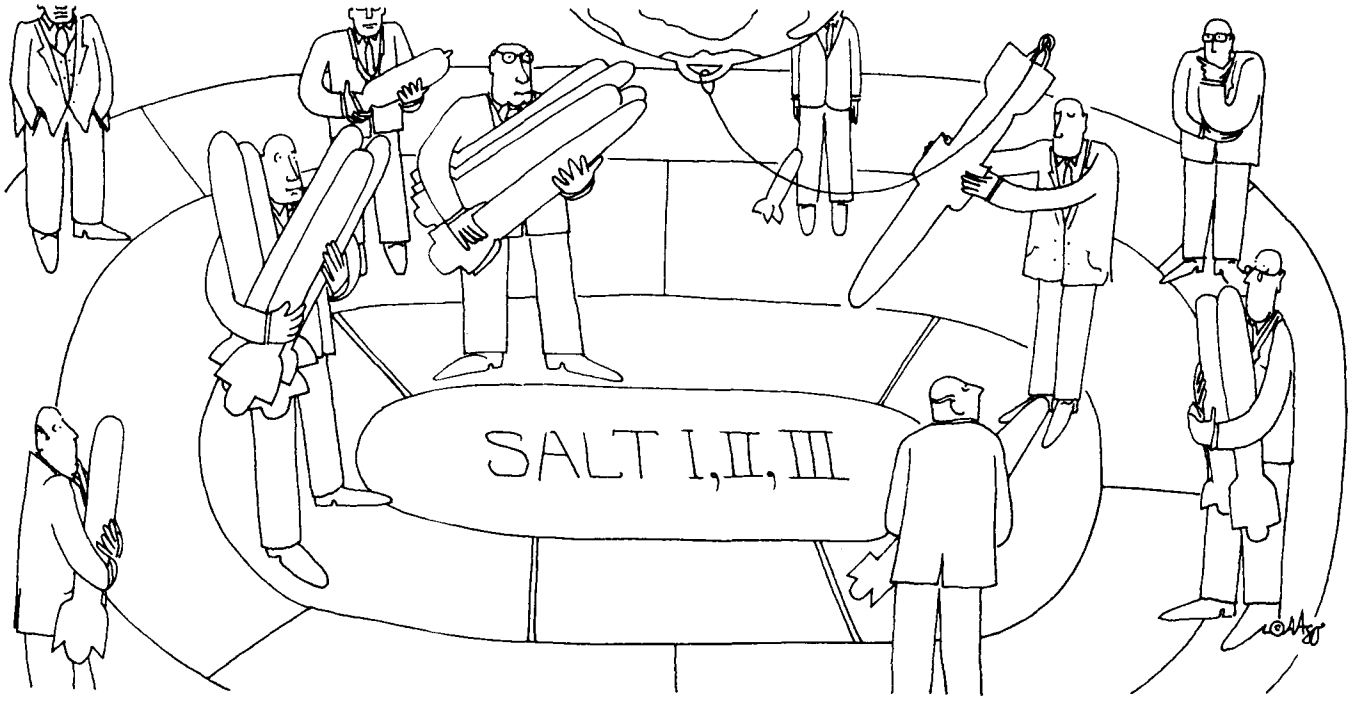
In the closing days of 1979, the SI was no less surprised than Mr. Carter by the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan. Some SI members were concerned that the invasion would be a setback to the work of the SI disarmament group. Other Socialist leaders, however, sought to play down the implications of the Soviet invasion. On January 3, 1980, West German Chancellor Helmut Schmidt declared that "the fundamental interest of the Soviet Union remains the preservation of peace." Two days later, Schmidt's predecessor, Willy Brandt, explained what he had learned from the Afghanistan invasion: "The world still suffers from too little and not from too much detente."

At the February 1980 SI conference in Vienna, British Labor Party leader James Callaghan pleaded for the SI to demonstrate its concern about Afghanistan, but others, such as Willy Brandt and Olof Palme, carried the day by advocating that member parties should use all their contacts to promote detente and arms control. On this basis, it was agreed that something broader than the SI study group was needed. Thus was conceived the idea for a Disarmament Commission.

According to Palme, those most involved in developing the Commission are David Owen, the former British Foreign Minister, Joop den Uyl, the former Dutch Prime Minister, and Egon Bahr, a close advisor to Helmut Schmidt. Palme contends that the Commission represents a banding together by Socialists to cultivate ties "with politicians in East and West" for the purpose of advancing the cause of disarmament. Indeed, ever since the February conference, Olof Palme has been traveling hither and thither to sell the idea to the major powers: the U.S., the USSR, West Germany, and presumably others. Apparently (at least according to Palme's own reports), he has been received favorably. During his May 1980 visit to Moscow, Palme met with Boris Ponomarev and his deputy, Vadim Zagladin, both of whom, according to Palme, expressed "very positive interest" in the proposed Commission. He also said that the proposal was favorably received "by some top-ranking people" in the Carter Administration (*New York Times*, May 18, 1980).

No one would suggest that the SI seeks to serve Soviet aims, but certainly it is not unreasonable to suppose that the Soviets intend to use the SI for just that purpose. Further, it would not be incautious to suggest that the SI, however unwittingly, might indeed perform a useful service to the Soviet Union. In order to understand precisely what role the SI may play, the reader should first take a short detour into the arcane world of nuclear strategy.

During the early 1970s the era of U.S. strategic superiority—the ultimate guarantee of European as well as American security—came to an end. So vast and varied was the impact on international life of the attainment by the Soviet Union of strategic parity that both we and the Europeans are still adjusting to it. One result of strategic parity was to cast doubt on the credibility of NATO's traditional "flexible-response" strategy, which threatened massive (nuclear)



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retaliation on the USSR should NATO conventional forces prove unable to resist an attack by Warsaw Pact forces. Strategic parity undermined the flexible-response strategy by opening the possibility of the Soviets' taking out New York City if the U.S. came to the defense of Western Europe with tactical nuclear weapons. Few can believe that the United States would sacrifice New York for Paris.

Moreover, as the credibility of the American guarantee has diminished, the ability of the Soviet Union to challenge Western Europe has grown. Within the past two years, the Soviets have deployed about two hundred mobile SS-20s, each of which can deliver three nuclear warheads with high accuracy, giving the USSR the capability to destroy all major targets in Western Europe in a first strike. Together with the Backfire bomber, an aircraft that is capable of penetrating European air defenses, the SS-20 has tipped the Eurostrategic balance in favor of the Soviet Union.

To redress this imbalance, the NATO Council decided, in December 1979, to deploy 108 Pershing II launchers and 464 ground-launched cruise missiles (GLCMs)—beginning in 1983. If deployed, these missiles will be the first American nuclear weapons deployed in Europe that are capable of striking targets in the Soviet Union. It is no wonder that the Soviets would rather the NATO Council had decided differently. If the NATO Council had, in fact, decided against deployment of the missiles, then the decoupling of the U.S. guarantee from European defense—and all that that implies for the cohesion of the Atlantic Alliance—would have been inevitable.

In the time between the decision to deploy and the actual deployment of the missiles in question—some three years, at the least—there is no doubt that the Soviet Union will use every instrument at its command to dissuade the European governments from carrying out the NATO decision. And therein lies the role of Olof Palme's Disarmament Commission.

Just as in the case of the neutron bomb, the Soviets have begun to orchestrate a massive campaign to prevent the deployment of the Pershing II missiles. If they succeed, they will owe a great debt to the Socialist International.

In July 1980, during Leonid Brezhnev's talks with Helmut Schmidt, the Soviet leader indicated that he was willing to begin preliminary SALT III talks, even before U.S. Senate ratification of SALT II. Among the topics to be addressed in such talks would be the so-called "grey-area" weapons—the Pershing II missiles and other U.S. forward-based systems, as well as the Soviet SS-20s and Backfire bombers.

The German newspaper *Die Welt* leaked official but confidential notes on the Schmidt-Brezhnev talks, indicating that the Soviet Union was willing to limit any Euromissile talks to U.S. forward-based weapons, thus excluding French and British nuclear systems. Trying to drive a wedge beween the U.S. and its European allies, Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko stated that it was only the American weapons that concerned the Soviets.

Die Welt also publicized Brezhnev's dropping his insistence that ratification of SALT II by the U.S. Senate would have to precede Euromissile talks. President Carter indicated his interest in starting as soon as possible such Euromissile talks and those talks have since begun in Geneva. As a consequence, the U.S. is in fact engaged in SALT III while SALT II is in limbo.

In the Geneva negotiations, Brezhnev probably envisages some kind of limitation on further deployment of the SS-20, in exchange for nondeployment of the Pershing missiles and the GLCMs. Indeed, on September 22, 1980, Gromyko proposed before the UN General Assembly that all nations with nuclear weapons impose a freeze on further deployments. If adopted, that proposal would enable the USSR to retain its Eurostrategic advantage.

In any event, Brezhnev's vision of negotiations over grey-area weapons—wherein the West would bargain away the chance to develop and deploy weapons it does not have in return for limits on weapons the Soviets do have—will be tantalizing to those like Olof Palme who would sooner revive detente than pay the cost of defense, not realizing that the former cannot be had without the latter. One's negotiating hand is necessarily always weaker if one is negotiating on the basis of *potential* deployment of weapon systems.

The Disarmament Commission's pose as an intermediary between the United States and the Soviet Union offers certain advantages for the Soviet Union but none for the United States. If somehow the Commission could, through its own activity, prevent the deployment of NATO's new weapons, the eventual goal of making Europe a Third Force, neutral in the conflict between East and West, would be advanced. Indeed, Palme has indicated as much: "There is, in my opinion, every reason to go on working for a nuclear-free zone. The ultimate objective of these efforts should be a nuclear-free Europe."

The Carter Administration, anxious to keep open its lines to Moscow on disarmament issues, especially after the recent deterioration in U.S.-USSR relations, seems to have encouraged the work of the Disarmament Commission. It is necessary, of course, for every Western leader to be seen as an untiring advocate of disarmament. Even the NATO decision to deploy the Pershing II was coupled with a call for negotiating the subject. But the choice of channels in this case risks a disastrous backfire.

Palme, who fails to see the connection between European security and the deployment of the new missiles, will undoubtedly steer his Commission in the direction of the Soviet proposal to freeze the present Eurostrategic imbalance. The Commission's umbilical attachment to the SI and the SI's influence among the polities of Western Europe are such that the two organizations can be expected to enjoy an enormous influence on European public opinion, making it exceedingly difficult for the more responsible European leaders—Socialists and non-Socialists alike—to carry out the NATO Council's imperatives.

Undoubtedly, the resounding election victory of Ronald Reagan will result in a new U.S. approach to arms-control negotiations with the Soviet Union. And a most important first stop for the new Administration will be to go back to dealing with the Kremlin directly, and abort the strange relationship that the Carter Administration so incautiously established with the Socialist International's newborn Disarmament Commission. □

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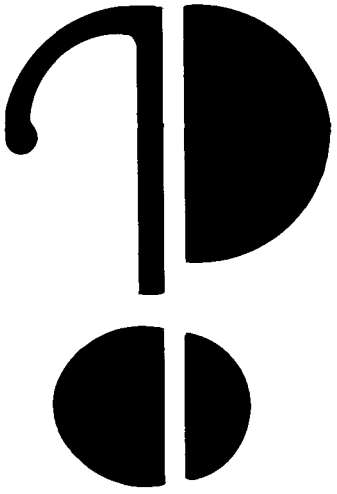
Is Nuclear War Likely

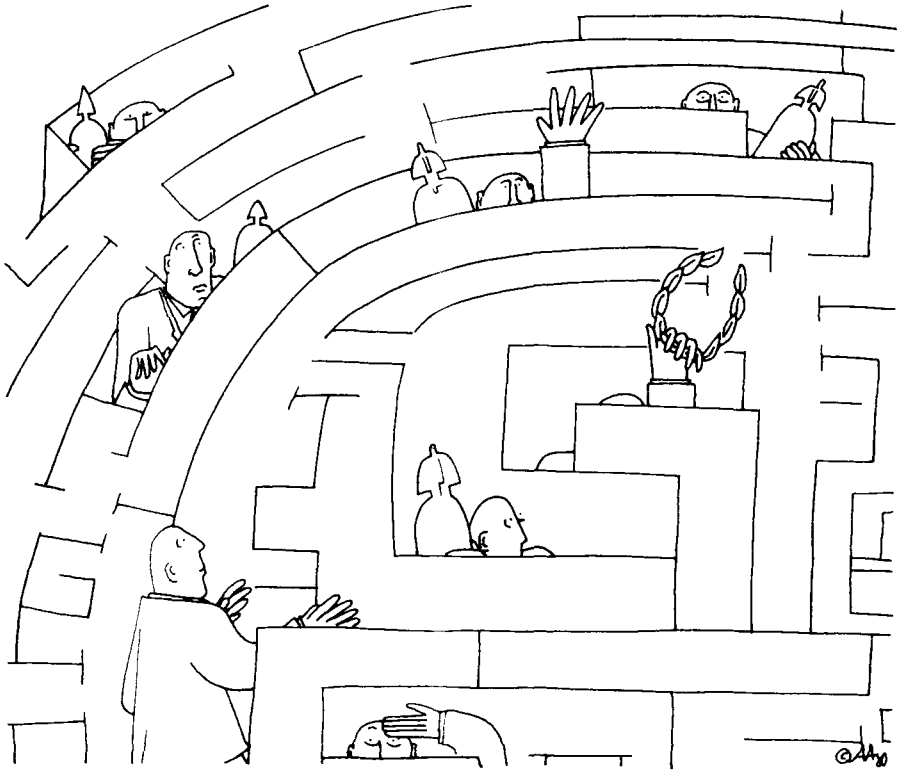


LAURENCE W. BEILENSON

THE ANSWER to the question of whether nuclear war is probable or even possible is vital in estimating our situation. As far as nuclear war is concerned, our Department of Defense has become a department of deterrence. We have virtually no civil defense and no sense of urgency about developing an active defense against nuclear missiles. If, despite deterrence, nuclear war is even reasonably possible, we ought to change both postures; for in our present condition a Soviet first strike probably would kill over 100 million Americans.

The simplest and best known historical pattern is the recurrence of war through the ages. Is there any reason to assume that nuclear war will be different because of the horrendous damage it would inflict? Not when another historical pattern is pondered: Man has used every weapon he has ever devised. Until and including atomic weapons, there has not been a single exception to the rule. Put the two patterns together, and unless nuclear weapons are superseded by arms either more lethal or capable of destroying nuclear missiles, it takes no crystal ball to see that sooner or later nuclear war is probable.

In 1974 Fred Iklé, then Director of our Arms Control and Disarmament Agency, said:



How can we know what factors to credit for the fact that nuclear weapons have not been used since August 1945? The formidable confrontation of massive and complicated missile forces that we face today has lasted for one decade only . . .

The danger of relying on naked deterrence is heightened by . . . the unpredictable perils of split-second alert and launching procedures. . . . Our efforts to prevent nuclear war could fail . . . not only because of an inadequate retaliatory capability to deter a deliberate attack, but for other reasons, such as an accident, an unintended process of escalation, or a combination of failures and causes we could not have anticipated or even imagined. Put in such terms, no one ever disagrees . . . that a situation of mutual deterrence does not by itself guarantee the prevention of nuclear war. Yet nearly everyone keeps debating arms-control policies and nuclear strategy in terms of naked deterrence.

You Win, You Lose

Our optimists would point out that at present we face only one adversary with formidable nuclear weapons, the Soviets, and both they and we are deterred from nuclear war by the unacceptable damage either could inflict on the other. In the past, whatever may have been the expected fate of the vanquished, the people of a victor nation did not face the prospect of being wiped out by war. The advocates of naked deterrence persuasively argue that in nuclear war there would be no victor, because the people of the winning country plus their cities and industry would suffer such tremendous damage. Mutual assured destruction—the official strategy of the United States, which opponents characterize by its acronym, MAD—thus shuns all defense, civil or active, in favor of deterrence.

However, the doctrine is mutual only in name. As Secretary of Defense Harold Brown's annual report to Congress for fiscal year 1981 concedes, the USSR believes that there *will* be a victor, and that the damage need not be unaccept-

Mr. Beilenson is the author of The Treaty Trap, Power through Subversion, *and the just-published* Survival and Peace in the Nuclear Age *(Regnery/Gateway), from which this article is adapted. A review of the book appears in this issue on page 1516.*

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able. The Soviets hold that, with their civil defense, the casualties they would suffer in nuclear war would not exceed their casualties in World War II. And as Brown put it in 1978: "What would deter us might not deter them." In addition, there is the possibility of a Soviet scientific breakthrough that would nullify or substantially blunt the effectiveness of an American second strike. Both sides are working on secret weapons, and the rapid advance of science and technology since 1945 predicts success. Finally, a Soviet ruler might count on American demoralization and surrender following a Soviet first strike.

A more basic problem with MAD is its assumptions about human nature and human behavior. Proponents of the doctrine assert that because of mutual assured destruction, only a madman would resort to nuclear war. They expect logical and rational behavior, an expectation epitomized by Brown's statement to Congress in 1978: "We do not propose to plan against total irrationality." But mad rulers have been common throughout history: Emperor Caligula of Rome, Czar Paul of Russia, King George III of England, and King Frederick William IV of Prussia, to name a few.

Dr. Strangelove Lives

In addition, there have been cases of temporary insanity among rulers. According to Russian reporters, Stalin was paranoid during his last weeks. American reporters have claimed that in his final days in the White House, Richard Nixon was in a state of mind bordering on the psychotic. Believing either report is unnecessary; it is enough to realize that many rulers have been psychotics, paranoiacs, or just plain fools. As our Founding Fathers reiterated, emotion and passion have often propelled the ship of state. If rulers always had acted rationally, the pages of history would not reek with blood. And starting a nuclear war takes only one spell of emotion or passion by one ruler of the USSR or the United States.

Add to the rulers who are permanently or temporarily mad the gamblers, such as Napoleon III of France and Kaiser Wilhelm II. A war gamble cost each his throne. Recollect the brinkmanship rhetoric of Dwight D. Eisenhower's Secretary of State John Foster Dulles. Recall that under John F. Kennedy we were willing to hazard nuclear war rather than live with the risk posed by missiles in Cuba. Every postwar President has warned that if the Soviets attack our European allies using conventional arms and break through their defenses, we will make first use of nuclear arms.

The ruler who starts a nuclear war may be a utopian or an ideologue who believes the death of many millions is not too high a price to pay for the triumph of his ideal. Mao Tse-tung was furious at Nikita Khrushchev's refusal to back Maoist adventures abroad. Suppose Mao had commanded the USSR's nuclear weapons. He is reported to have said that he was not afraid of nuclear war because China could lose 300 million people and still be populous and strong.

The present rift between China and the USSR is a deterrent to nuclear war. It is beyond human ken to set a date for the termination of the Sino-Soviet schism, but that it can end suddenly is as true as that it exists. (The Hitler-Stalin Pact came suddenly.) The Sino-Soviet split is a fact; its duration a question. Reconciliation is as likely as no reconciliation. Moreover, even during the schism, nuclear war is not impossible, because the USSR does not need a friendly China in order to wage nuclear war against the United States. As the USSR is well aware, the Chinese are unlikely to fight in any such war. Both prudence and national interest would dictate their staying out.

The best augury for nuclear peace is that V. I. Lenin regarded subversion rather than war as the chief tool for Communist domination of the world. True, Lenin thought pacifists were idiots, and disarmament absurd. According to Lenin—and he was historically correct—peace has been only a respite between wars. In 1919 he said: "A series of frightful collisions between the Soviet Republic and the bourgeois states will be inevitable." In 1920 he predicted: "War will again return. As long as capitalism and socialism exist, we cannot live in peace." But though Lenin considered offensive war to advance Communism as "holy," about the when of offensive war he was exceedingly cautious. Having won his Russian base from which to foster world subversion and revolution, he did not intend to risk it.

No single act during Lenin's short reign deviated from his cautious principle against adventurism in war. And in all Lenin's published works, he never suggests that the Soviets should wage offensive war if such a war would involve more than a minimal risk of losing the Soviet base for world revolution.

While it is possible to argue the contrary, and many analysts have, it may be conceded that thus far at least, Lenin's heirs have been reasonably cautious about offensive war. But to know that we cannot rely on a continuation of Leninist prudence by Soviet rulers, it is unnecessary to dispute Soviet abstention from adventurism: Chinese lack of restraint is enough. The fact that Mao was Chinese is immaterial; he revered Lenin but took chances. To Mao, the base to be preserved with minimal risk was China. Yet his conquest of Tibet, his bombardment of Quemoy and Matsu, and his 1962 invasion of India might have provoked U.S. retaliation. And when Mao entered the Korean War he did so knowing that the United States might resort to atomic weapons. In the light of Soviet hostility, the 1979 Chinese invasion of Vietnam was even more reckless. Moreover, as the correlation of forces between the USSR and the United States has tipped toward the Soviets, the temptation to adventure has increased.

Five Unreliables

For a long-range appraisal, our lens must widen beyond the USSR, and even beyond China, for the number of nations possessing nuclear weapons probably will grow. The United States, the USSR, Britain, France, and China now have nuclear arms; India and Israel either have them or can make them; and a number of other nations have the necessary knowledge and capacity.

We ourselves have been promoting the spread of nuclear weapons. Since the "atoms for peace" program of Eisenhower, we have spent hundreds of millions of dollars on spreading nuclear technology abroad, exclusive of assistance to our allies. The 1968 Nuclear Nonproliferation Treaty institutionalized our previous practice. Article IV pro-

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vides: "All the Parties to the Treaty undertake to facilitate, and have the right to participate in, the fullest possible exchange of equipment, materials, and scientific and technical information for the peaceful use of nuclear energy." In probable violation of the treaty, we have since 1977 tried to close the barn door. But because nations without our abundant raw materials are determined to exploit nuclear energy, our attempt is likely to fail. And peaceful uses of nuclear energy can be transformed into weapons.

At the same time, under the Nuclear Nonproliferation Treaty, Britain, the United States, and the USSR as possessors agree not to help others become possessors. In doing so, we have been insufferably self-righteous. The five major nuclear nations (including China and France) say in effect: We five who early acquired nuclear weapons should be rewarded for our astuteness by remaining the only countries to have such arms; and, in the interest of world nuclear peace, other countries must refrain from acquisition and trust us to protect them. And who are the guardians of nuclear peace? The United States, which dropped the atomic bomb; the USSR, whose patron saints Marx and Lenin held that violence was the only means to bring paradise on earth; Britain and France, with their long history of wars; and China, whose mentor Mao held that power comes out of the barrel of a gun.

A simple reading of the treaty, our instrument to prevent the spread of nuclear weapons, suffices to show that it will not do so. Forget that China and France, possessing nations, have refused to sign the pact; that other nations have either not signed or not ratified it; and that treaties have been regularly broken. Forget that no inspection system is reliable; that the one mandated by the treaty is not particularly efficient; that bribery is prevalent all over the world. Just remember that by express provision of the treaty every party to it can terminate its obligation under it by a notice of three months. Consider proliferation through the eyes of nations menaced by powerful neighbors. Can anyone seriously doubt that, if Israel has not yet acquired nuclear weapons, with its survival at stake it will? Pakistan has lost its war with India, which it cannot match in numbers or in conventional arms—but nuclear arms would be an equalizer. The examples can be multipled around the world.

Murphy's Law

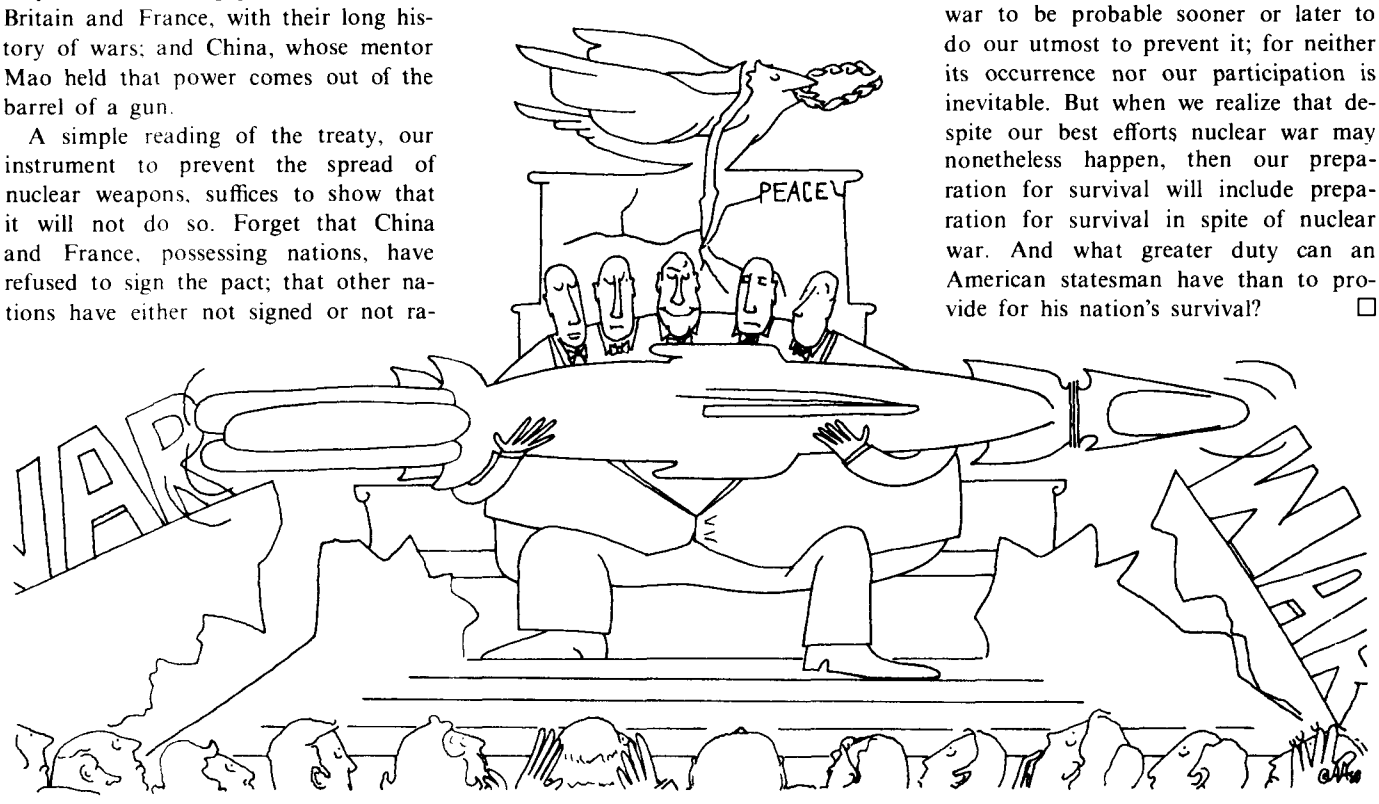
Suppose that each possessor gave an unambiguous promise to wage nuclear war against any attacker immediately following any such attack. With the treaty-breaking record of each of the possessors, why should any nation believe it was protected by such a pledge as a deterrent? But in fact, the possessing nations have given no binding agreement to protect nonpossessing parties. And even if they had, on notice of three months any or all of them could say: Sorry, that's all.

The main reason nuclear weapons have not spread is their cost. The cruise missile is comparatively inexpensive. Opinions differ about its effectiveness, but as a symbol it is impressive. Nuclear weapons or their successors may become yet simpler and less expensive. When they do, they will spread widely. Even before then, their spread to some present nonpossessors is likely. Nuclear knowledge cannot be contained; in the long run neither can nuclear weapons.

Whether our appraisal of the likelihood, sooner or later, of nuclear war is broad or narrows to a Soviet-American war, we would be deceiving ourselves to consider each reason why it may or may not happen in isolation; they should be totaled up. The chief danger is expressed by Murphy's Law: Anything that can go wrong, will. The result of Murphy's Law for statesmen has been the recurrence of war.

Some commentators deplore such reasoning because, they say, the prediction may be self-fulfilling. In effect, they argue that in the face of danger we should, like the ostrich, bury our heads in the sand.

It is consistent with believing nuclear war to be probable sooner or later to do our utmost to prevent it; for neither its occurrence nor our participation is inevitable. But when we realize that despite our best efforts nuclear war may nonetheless happen, then our preparation for survival will include preparation for survival in spite of nuclear war. And what greater duty can an American statesman have than to provide for his nation's survival? □



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SITUATION WANTED

Screenwriter with Portfolio Ready to Go

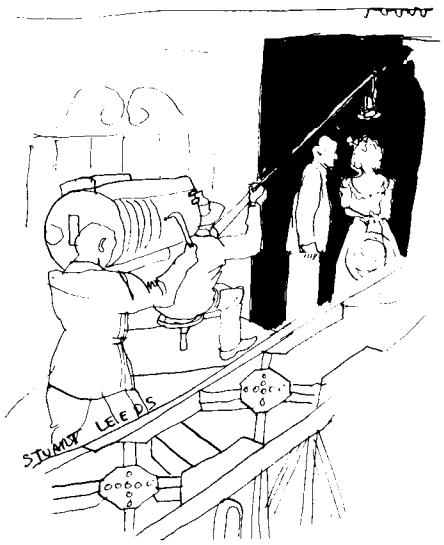
ARNOLD BEICHMAN

As I was visiting the other day with the eminent Sovietologist Robert Conquest, our discussion turned to a strange phenomenon: Why doesn't Hollywood make movies about the Soviet Union or any other Communist country? Why haven't the Public Broadcasting System and the commercial networks availed themselves of these superb script materials, recording either fictionalized or documentary versions of Russian history since Lenin's arrival in 1917?

After all, Hollywood has made a number of splendid movies about what life in America is really like: *Grapes of Wrath*, about the Okies during the Depression; *The China Syndrome*, which shows how awful money-grubbing capitalism can be; *Apocalypse Now*, about how Americans feel about gooks and wogs. How to explain that nobody has ever made a film about the material in the Penkovsky Papers?

Conquest and I agreed that profit-oriented Hollywood movie companies and a morally concerned PBS would dearly love to exploit this rich lode of material but are barred from doing so by a mysterious and powerful censorship bureau about which little is known. There can be no other explanation for the failure of the Free World's film companies to turn to commercial advantage the many fascinating stories available to anyone who cares to find out about Soviet history and politics. Somewhere between Wall Street, which finances Hollywood movies, and Hollywood & Vine, where the orders are received, there must be an unseen power.

How to test the Conquest-Beichman Censorship Theory? We decided that I'd prepare, free, some brief script treatments about the Soviet Union and its



people. The treatments may not be accurate to the last detail, but then Hollywood is allowed a misplaced emphasis here, a slight distortion there.

Our script treatments do not deal with the acknowledged horrors of bourgeois materialism, the pathological preoccupation of the American people with sex, the daily pollution by American capitalism of the American people's bloodstream, glands, and organs in the interest of profit. We think, however, that there are box-office bonanzas in films about Soviet history, politics, culture, and personal relations. Here goes:

1. *Fathers and Daughters.* This is the dramatic story of Svetlana Alliluyeva and her father, Joseph V. Stalin, and the conflicts between them, particularly when she starts to run around with a Jewish student. The climax comes when Stalin, tired of arguing unsuccessfully with his daughter about not going around with Zionist spies, tells Lavrenti Beria, his chief cop, to get rid of the boyfriend. Svetlana is heartbroken; there's a terrific confrontation in which she tells her father off and raises questions about her mother's mysterious death. Stalin is a broken man and dies shortly thereafter; fortunately, he doesn't live to see her defection to America. The theme here is the ingratitude of a child whose father did everything for her and was paid back with treachery.

2. *The House on Komsomolsky Prospekt.* A thrilling yarn full of espionage, counter-espionage, assassination, murder, strangulation. It is March 1953; Stalin is dead, and the Politburo is looking for a successor. During a Politburo meeting in the Kremlin, Beria is unanimously voted Stalin's successor. Little does he realize that he has been framed by his comrades, who fear that he may purge them as Stalin, his patron, purged other Politburo members. To celebrate his election as Vozhd, he invites everybody to his mansion on Komsomolsky Prospekt for a big party. With motorcycles screaming, the big limousines tear off to the party, which turns into an orgy as Beria brings on the GPU girls, beauties all, decked out in black high-heeled boots, knouts, and Paris-style garter-belts. During the orgy, a Soviet general follows Beria and one of the GPU girls into a bedroom where he strangles him with his bare hands. The remaining Politburo members go off in the limousines to the Bolshoi Ballet. Everybody is there except, of course, Beria, who as is well known hates ballet. The climax is a beautiful performance of *Swan Lake* interspersed with scenes of a Red Army battalion shooting a lot of Georgians who have heard about Beria's assassination and don't like the way the Politburo has it in for Georgians.

3. *I Was a Teenage KGB Informer.* The true story of Ivan Ivanovich Petrovsk, who at the age of ten turns in his father as a Trotskyite agent working for Heinrich Himmler. The father, of course, is executed, his last words being, "Long live Stalin." The mother is also sent away because the boy says his parents used to whisper in bed all

Mr. Beichman is the author of Nine Lies about America *and a frequent contributor to* NR.

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the time when the lights went out. The mother, Anna Petrovska, is eventually freed; she marries a man named Pauker. Two years later she turns him in as a British intelligence agent. She is rewarded by Stalin, who gives her Rumania. Her son, the informer, is sent to a special school for Heroes of the Fatherland, the official name for children who turn in their parents as traitors. When he graduates, the son is sent to a university in England where he meets Kim Philby, Guy Burgess, Donald Maclean, Anthony Blunt, and other intellectuals. Some great punting scenes on the river, and lots of romance with an Italian girl whom he has to give up because she is assigned to marry Dr. Pontecorvo. Eventually Ivan Ivanovich returns to Russia where he is put in charge of planting informers in the Komsomol brigades. There is a tender scene showing mother and son reunited at a villa on the Black Sea where they recall the good old days. The climax comes when, in the interests of proletarian internationalism, they turn each other in as imperialist spies. They are led off separately, all the while blowing farewell kisses to each other.

4. *Nights in Old Lubyanka.* A dramatic yarn about how a counter-revolutionary plot to spring a lot of zeks from the Big House is foiled by a simple, plain-spoken muzhik convicted of murdering his wife, three daughters, and mother-in-law. Exciting scenes as the political prisoners plan to blackjack the guards at feeding time. They pay no attention to the muzhik, who seems to be a slobbering idiot right out of Gorky's lower depths. Cunning old peasant that he is, he gets the drift, and when the jailer comes in with the evening's slop he starts yelling and turns everybody in. Great ceremony at the Kremlin. Brezhnev awards the muzhik, who turns out to be the illegitimate grandson of Yekaterina Furtseva and Sergei Kirov, the Order of Lenin, a pardon, and a new wife.

5. *Charlie Chan in Moscow.* Charlie and his son, both Maoists of course, turn up as Chinese Embassy attachés in the Soviet capital. Their mission is to find out what really happened to Lin Piao, the Chinese Communist leader and would-be assassin of Mao Tse-tung, who was tipped off in time. Lin Piao fled in a plane which was shot down over Mongolia, where V. M. Molotov was ambassador. That probably explains why Lin Piao's body, if he was actually killed, was never found. Charlie Chan figures that Lin might really be in Moscow working for the Russians. A beautiful Eurasian named Lotus seduces Charlie's son one night, in a waiting room at a Kremlin reception. Lotus turns out to be Lin's daughter by a child-bride marriage. She confesses to Charlie's son that her father is working for the KGB and that she is ready to renounce her relationship to him. Lotus and Charlie's son get married (in the Chinese Embassy, because the Russians won't allow the marriage), and Lotus gets diplomatic immunity. Her father, Lin Piao, is lured to the Chinese Embassy to give away his daughter in marriage. He is drugged, put into a rocket capsule, and shot off from the embassy lawn to Peking where he falls into the hands of the Gang of Four, headed by Chiang Ching. They are all arrested for consorting with an Enemy of the People, and the film ends with a big auto chase along the Great Wall of China in a bullet-proof diesel Kafka, then into a hijacked airplane, and touchdown at Taipei, where Madame Chiang Kai-shek is there to meet them. Missimo turns out to be Charlie Chan's godmother, and Charlie Chan turns out to have been working not for the Chicoms, but for the Chinats, ever since the days of the Dowager Empress. The theme here is that to the Politburo, all Chinamen look alike.

6. *Tragedy at Three Verst Island.* This documentary for PBS (suggested consultants: Klaus Fuchs and Alger Hiss) shows the Politburo at a special meeting to deal with the Three Mile Island disaster. The problem outlined by Comrade Suslov is ideological—the credibility gap. Who can believe that the USSR really has a modern atomic energy program if there are never any disasters? The U.S. atomic catastrophes are giving the Americans a big propaganda victory. Russia must have one—two—three verst disasters of her own. It will also be an opportunity to get even with that *svoloch* Sakharov, who can get blamed for the disasters. There's a blowup of an atomic plant, with lots of radiation, at the Three Verst Island installation on the Volga. Sakharov is immediately arrested. The courtroom scenes are riveting as he is convicted, on Philip Agee's testimony, of working with CIA agent Anatoly Shcharansky, who managed to smuggle out sabotage instructions on how to damage the plant through a jailer who confesses to working for the Mossad.

Now, these screen treatments are ready to go. All they lack is the proper financing. If, after six months, not a single one of these treatments is in actual, on-the-lot production, then it will be obvious that a powerful censorship network is preventing such box-office dynamite from reaching the screen. It will then be time to take further steps. □

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The Christmas Religion

Tomorrow and Tomorrow

MICHAEL NOVAK

A MAN IS seldom so helpless as when his wife is locked in the painful struggle of giving birth. No one to give orders to, little to do—except to combat queasiness and fear. On the far side of the sexual divide, for the wife—so it appears—giving birth is a most earthy experience. Flesh of flesh, bone of bone, blood of blood. Strains, pressure, grunts, pushes, spasms, control, heaves, terrors, tensions, grippings, sudden screams, sweat.

Awesome.

To erect out of flesh a religion is extraordinary. To think of religion not as spirit, knowledge, gnosis but as the birth of a child is significantly beneath angelic modes. Life is such a miracle, of course, that with its emergence from that bloody door one feels as though angels had brought it. Choirs of exhilarating sounds are entirely in order. Life! The thing is *not* a thing: it is alive! And from the first—a personality, distinctness, and (almost) character. I remember being surprised by the distance between the nine-month thought of a coming child and the exact face of *this* child.

Jesus should have been aborted, of course. The singular hardships of forcing his mother to ride on a burro over the mountains to register in Bethlehem, given her acute poverty, a mysterious paternity, and the fact that her child would turn out to be unwanted, rejected, a social outcast, doomed to death as a criminal—all these would have justified abortion, by up-to-date reckoning.

Christianity like Judaism is an extraordinarily fleshly religion, and both have been resolutely anti-gnostic. Christianity goes beyond Judaism in its daring blasphemy, of course, incarnating even Jahweh in sexed flesh. One can understand revulsion at the claim. On the other hand, historical Christianity more than Judaism has a tendency to escape realism and to veer off into historical perfectionism, spiritualizing religion, abandoning the flesh.

Is it by accident, or fault, or injustice, then, that Christianity and Judaism in early traditions and still today are inclined to favor paternal, patriarchal images, rather than maternal, matriarchal ones? The record is plain. Ought it to be revised?

I think not. If we reflect upon the origins of our religions as mysteries—that is, as containing hidden meanings which we ought to attempt to penetrate—there are lessons to learn. The Lord of History adapts Himself to human history. One may *say* that it is "merely" an accident of history that the cultures in which Judaism and, later, Christianity first appeared were patriarchal, rather male-oriented in key respects. Does that make sense? Is it so far beyond the prescience of the Creator that He could not, if He chose, have arranged it otherwise? Are we to read no meaning into "mere accidents"?

IN THE Old Testament, Jahweh acts in history. In Judaism, males are chosen for symbolic roles for which women, despite other celebrated roles, are not chosen.

In Christianity, before God assumed human flesh He faced a choice. He could not be incarnated as a "person." The choice was whether to assume the flesh of a male or the flesh of a female. What would have been the consequences of choosing the latter?

The word the Word came to speak concerned the nature of God: compassion, love, sacrificial giving were to be central symbols pointing to God's identity. Against the grain of expectation, the all-mastering God appeared as One Who was gentle, peaceful, patient, kind, a servant. Did it make a difference to this revelation that it was uttered by a male rather than a female?

Dramatically so. Nietzsche opined that the net cultural impact of Christianity in history was to "feminize" the warrior male. Imagine if Jesus had come as a woman. How would a woman savior have been understood—not only in that culture but in nearly every culture known to recorded history—who spoke of turning the other cheek, meekness, gentleness, service, and humility? Would such teaching by a woman have advanced the specific revelation of Christianity? Would it have electrified history as Jesus did? I think not.

Imagination aside, there was an important point to Jesus' coming in the body of a male. The conditions of life as a male are considerably different from those of life as a female, even independently of culture and history. Yet, of course, one of the givens of being human is that one is *not* independent of culture and history.

Even the feminist metaphor of "oppression" exhibits the critical point. If women and men were wholly equal in the sense of being identical, how did it happen that one sex became so universally the "oppressor" and one the "oppressed"? There must have been a rather pervasive and decisive difference somewhere. Let us suppose that it was merely brute physical strength. For equality as identity to come about, must not such physical strength be tempered, sheathed, civilized by culture? And in that task, does not the humbling of the male—his tutoring to gentleness, charity, and courtesy, as in the lore and traditions of the Christian knights—play an indispensable role?

To place the yeast in dough—to hope that in human history would God's "kingdom come . . . on earth as it is in heaven"—was ever a most outrageous hope. To produce such a kingdom, this earth groans still in bloody childbirth.

To produce a child, differentiated sexes are required. The symbolic inequality of the sexes, indeed, is rooted in their differentiated roles in giving life. That is why it is so abominable that the radical cause of current feminism is abortion. That women—above all—should desire to kill life in their wombs is civilization turned upon its head.

The role of preaching the Christian message—and of symbolizing it in the liturgy—is not only appropriately differentiated by sex. It is indispensably so. *Gloria in excelsis Deo!* □

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Books Arts & Manners

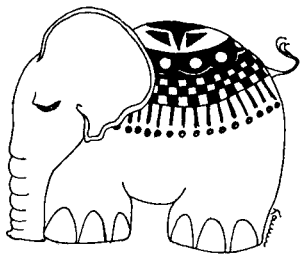
The Wizard of Mecosta

M. E. BRADFORD

In this happy season, our hearts lifted by the experience of vindication after long exile from the seats of power, it is quite possible that some American conservatives might, in their fresh enthusiasm for the political figures connected with this November 1980 achievement, forget their larger debt to the intellectual champions who, during the past thirty years, laid a groundwork for such triumphs and, we can assume, will continue to refresh our spirits, invigorate our will, and inform our reason when (as they must) dark times come again.

It is very difficult for American conservatives to overestimate the debt which they owe to Russell Kirk. And most particularly conservatives of the traditionalist variety, who, though they appreciate the advantages of a free-market economy, are not primarily linked to the rest of their confrères on the Right by the fragile calculus of enlightened self-interest or the crude simplicities of Jeremy Bentham and his kind. Thanks to the New Right, we are hearing a lot of talk about "social" conservatism and the role of the churches in the recent election. The gentleman from California made a point, from the beginning of his campaign in the primaries, of enlisting under his banners a host of Americans not ordinarily comfortable with merely economic Republicanism. The preconditions for this migration had been established in the last four presidential elections. To understand the events of the past months and those earlier campaigns, and the kind of majority assembled behind President-elect Ronald Reagan, it is necessary for us to consult not only Adam Smith but also Edmund Burke, not just Milton Friedman but also Russell Kirk.

To deny the central importance of the existence of an extensive canon of contemporary conservative thought to the education and outlook of the host of youthful political "operatives" who now conduct our struggle with the adversary is to believe in an effect without a cause. In the place of the liberal orthodoxy, prevalent among educated Americans since 1932, another doctrine is abroad in the land—different from earlier native varieties of conservatism in that it contains a critique of the statist mentality it replaces. It is therefore proper to mark the conclusion of Russell Kirk's 25-year series of NATIONAL REVIEW columns, "From the Academy," with a retrospect upon his massive and central contribution to the revival of conservative thought in the Republic, and also to speculate on what his yet unfolding and multi-faceted career is likely to mean during a conservative era.



Two years before the establishment of NATIONAL REVIEW, Russell Kirk had published his most widely read work, *The Conservative Mind*, a counter-revolutionary statement against the central commonplace of liberal scholarship: that no conservative intellectual tradition exists, or at least no American version of that tradition. The book was and is still a revelation, especially for young Americans who are conservative either by inheritance or inclination, but lacking the authoritative idiom, the historical sense of antecedents, and the preceptors necessary to the conversion of potential into self-conscious identity.

The best way to approach *The Conservative Mind* and so much of Kirk's other work is through the categories of rhetoric. The book is a loving accumulation, synthesis, and transmission, not an exercise in dialectics. The mind at work there is powerfully focused and persuasive. Not only the teachings, but also the adventure of being a conservative is communicated, and, in contrast, the vulgarity and tedium of antithetical positions is exposed.

We must remember how difficult it was in 1953 for an educated American to describe himself as politically "to the Right." That public men and women now wear the label proudly is not simply the consequence of failed liberal policies. First the patrimony had to be recovered and then, as in Kirk's later work in the same vein, *The Roots of the American Order* (1974), traced out in its American manifestations. In all his many labors Russell Kirk has been at the cutting edge of this great change.

As lecturer, editor, columnist, teach-

M. E. Bradford *is a professor of English at the University of Dallas. . . .* **S. T. Cohen** *has worked for the RAND Corporation and has served as a consultant to the Pentagon, the Air Force, and the Los Alamos and Livermore nuclear-weapons laboratories. . . .* **David Evanier**, *Fiction Editor of the* Paris Review, *is also a critic and short-story writer.*

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er, critic, scholar, *romancier*, and counselor to good causes, he has fostered the process of reorientation in numberless admirers who first came to know their own relation to the oldest traditions of the West thanks to some aspect of his activity. He is an indefatigable traveler and has spoken on literally hundreds of campuses. He was the founding editor of *Modern Age* and of *The University Bookman*, which he continues to produce. Since escaping the clutches of Behemoth U., he has taught at several colleges and continues to accept special students through the International College. His good offices in promoting the work of others I know to be legion. And to all this multiplicity, he brings a positive and genial character and an infectious relish which few of those who get to know him can easily resist.

I do not claim to be able to account for the volume and variety of his reviews, articles, and essays or for all of the 23 books that have issued from his hands. At least three are achievements of scholarship in the strict sense of that term: a history of his Scottish alma mater, the University of St. Andrews; a biography of John Randolph of Roanoke; and a full-length study of his friend T. S. Eliot. Other volumes include collections of previously published material from magazines, quarterlies, and newspapers; works of fiction, usually in the Gothic mode; treatments of besetting public questions, such as academic freedom; a credo, *The American Cause*; *A Program for Conservatives*; and editions of the works of other men. He has forthcoming a collection of the speeches of John Randolph.

Education—liberal education in the traditional sense of the term, and also its modern antitype—has been one of the consistent preoccupations of Kirk's career. We have in evidence *The Intemperate Professor and Other Cultural Splenetics*, published by Louisiana State University Press in 1965, and also his more recent *Decadence & Renewal in the Higher Learning*. The nature of these compositions is once again more Ciceronian and persuasive than discursive. They follow the ancient formula: first censure and then deliberation on what to do next that cause for blame might be remmoved. The perpetuation of liberal learning is necessary if we are to provide society with governors worthy of their office. No shift in policy could be more politically significant than to restore the integrity of the schools and to provide them the opportunity to put aside egalitarian nostrums and perform their proper office. On this subject Russell Kirk has made his case.

Other writings by Kirk, such as the charming *Confessions of a Bohemian Tory*, incorporate sketches of admirable persons and delightful places—part of the extremely various furniture of this inclusive mind. Kirk has done some fine commentary on Orestes Brownson. He has written on the condition of the churches, the decline of public morality, the decay of the cities, and the parlous state of textbook publication. With a becoming modesty he has called attention to the work of other men, by way of numerous prefaces and popular summaries. He has in the press a *Viking Portable Conservative Reader*, and in the making a film version of *The Roots of American Order*. And in each of these enterprises he has enacted the essentially public role of the man of letters whose object is to revive the "moral imagination" in a civilization which seems at times to have forgotten what such language signifies. That the full implications of these seemingly unrelated efforts came together at some level and were "political," in the broadest sense of the term, he has never doubted: political in a way that is logically prior to partisan activity, in defense of the permanent things, not some factional goal.

Another facet of Russell Kirk's performance, his ghost stories, has puzzled those among his readers who have not had the pleasure of his personal acquaintance and have taken no note of his long-standing interest in the supernatural, which shows up in such essays as "The Reflections of a Gothic Mind." A world without mystery would be of no interest to this disciple of Edmund Burke:

> Mine was not an Enlightened mind . . . it was a Gothic mind, medieval in its temper and structure. I did not love cold harmony and perfect regularity of organization; what I sought was variety, mystery, tradition, the venerable, the awful. I despised sophisters and calculators; I was groping for faith, honor, and prescriptive loyalties. I would have given any number of neo-classical pediments for one poor battered gargoyle.

The purpose of Kirk's fiction, in *The Surly, Sullen Bell*, *The Princess of All Lands*, and the recent Gothic romance, *Lord of the Hollow Dark*, is to encourage among his readers an awareness of the usually invisible things which brood just beyond the orbit of our consciousness and sometimes touch our lives in such a way as to remind us that there is more to our condition than we can account for by what Hamlet calls "philosophy." Kirk is particularly adept at rendering these tales aloud.

Some years ago my wife and I were part of a company assembled at the Kirks' home for an ISI seminar. The old family dwelling about which he has written one of his finest pieces was then intact. Though the Michigan December was a challenge to our thin Southern blood, the sessions were well worth the arctic severity and the effort of newly purchased overshoes. Russell spoke to his guests of ancestral definitions and of the resident spirits of Piety Hill. As in some of his tales, these spirits came alive, and we were half-hopeful, half-fearful of an encounter.

Soon it became obvious that Russell Kirk was most himself in his own place, in the midst of his charming wife and daughters, students, visiting friends, and assorted refugees—the proprietor of a complex establishment that is an illustration of the principles which he proclaims in print and from the platform. Unlike so many American intellectuals, Russell Kirk honors the *lares* and *penates*, that inherited identity which is rooted in being and is antecedent to thought. From the magic of that setting he moves outward to the world and is indeed, as he confided to us when we were leaving his domain, the "wizard of Mecosta"—who has with benign intent waved his wand over many things and will in the future exercise his powers with telling effect. □

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Give Yourself a Christmas Present* You're Sure to Enjoy for Months

Yes! Ride the crest of the Conservative Wave by treating yourself to *National Review* this year. What better time to have every issue than the beginning of the Reagan Administration when you'll want (even need) NR to help you keep up with what's going on (from the inside, so to speak). After all, no other magazine in America is in a better position to put you in the know. We've been in the conservative "revival" from the beginning (this year marks our 25th Anniversary!) — we *know*.

Having *National Review* handy is one of the best ways to *enjoy* this new era in American politics because we bring you the news and views you can't find anywhere else. NR keeps you on your toes by keeping you in touch with what used to be called (evidently more people were listening than even *we* thought!) the "other" point of view. And its unique coverage of current events, both here and abroad, is not only well-written (and often amusing, as you must have noticed) but well-edited so that you can cut down on your reading time and *still* be better informed (and *enjoy* it too!).

So give yourself *National Review* this Christmas. Take advantage of this low-cost offer — only $9.95 for an introductory subscription of 12 exciting issues (24 weeks). No fuss, no bother. All you have to do is fill in the handy card opposite this page and send it back to us today. We'll see that you start getting NR immediately. Thanks, and a very Merry Christmas.

***For new readers only**

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Survival and Peace in the Nuclear Age
By Laurence W. Beilenson
Regnery/Gateway, 169 pp., $10.95

LOOKING OUT FOR NUMBER 3

S. T. COHEN

". . . Man has used every weapon he has ever devised. Until and including atomic weapons, there has not been a single exception to the rule. Put this pattern together with the pattern of recurrence of war, and unless nuclear weapons are superseded by more lethal inventions, it takes no crystal ball to perceive that a nuclear war is likely sooner or later." Basing his argument on this underlying prediction, Laurence Beilenson has written a challenging and perplexing book. The steps Beilenson recommends that America take are so far removed from those which Americans have been told we should take that they seem practically un-American. However, as the reader will see, they are just about as American as the Fourth of July: the Founding Fathers, via the Constitution, made it plain that our foreign policy was to be based on the need to provide for "the common defense" and the "general welfare" of the United States. It is precisely to these objectives that Beilenson has addressed his book.

He dwells in detail on the utter folly of holding to our current system of alliances to contain Communism. In theory, these alliances are meant to support our constitutional objectives; in practice, however, these foreign entanglements constitute the primary threat of the United States' becoming involved in a nuclear war:

> In defense of collective security as manifested by our presence in Europe, our State and Defense Departments emphasize the benefits to us from adding many European men and weapons to our own. That begs the vital question: Who is defending whom? We are in no danger of a Soviet invasion; it is our European allies that are in such peril. And the threat of a Soviet nuclear attack on the United States arises primarily because our nuclear arsenal protects our European allies.

If one examines current U.S.-NATO policy, the fundamental underpinnings of which are the U.S. nuclear pledges to Europe, the logic of this statement is difficult to contest. On the other hand, if the U.S. really doesn't hold to its nuclear pledges (as Henry Kissinger maintained last year), then it has been grossly deceitful to its NATO allies and even more so to its own citizenry, who along with the Europeans are being made hostage to Soviet nuclear attack. But either way, the Soviets are being given a view of U.S. intentions and strategy which would force them to attack the U.S. directly should war break out.

For these kinds of reasons, Beilenson becomes iconoclastic almost beyond belief in discussing what U.S. foreign policy ought to be:

> In following conventional wisdom we have denied West Germany nuclear weapons and have undertaken the responsibility of West German nuclear defense. . . .
>
> Having accustomed our European allies to our protection, if we are to withdraw, we must proffer them a fair substitute. The proposal should be public and subjected to debate on both sides of the Atlantic. Without payment to us we should offer West Germany, Britain, France, the Netherlands, and Belgium our nuclear knowledge in exchange for an agreement whereby West Germany would create a strong nuclear arsenal, Britain and France would enlarge and improve theirs, and the Netherlands and Belgium would help under a sharing arrangement. . . .

Should we really abet the nuclear rearmament of a country which not too long ago was exterminating practically everyone in sight, while trying to take over the world? How would the French, the Dutch, the Russians, and everyone else who was brutalized by the Third Reich react to such a proposal? How would the West Germans themselves react, considering that they have forever forsworn acquiring nuclear weapons? Even if accepted by Europe, would not such a gambit be the ruination of U.S.-Soviet relations, with all hopes for nuclear arms control out the window?

That such actions would shatter the conventional wisdom of nonproliferation of nuclear weapons, Beilenson is frankly apprehensive; yet he is adamant in his basic belief that America must withdraw its forces from the world:

> . . . But without the spread of nuclear weapons to the West Germans we cannot bring all our troops home to avoid an American war. Nor can we create other strong nuclear arsenals as deterrents or remove ourselves as the sole magnet target. For everything we pay a price . . .

However, the biggest price, as he avows time after time, would be to risk direct nuclear attack on the United States.

Leaving our allies to fend for themselves, but with the best nuclear-weapon assistance we can provide to them, Beilenson would now have us heed the advice given in the third number of *The Federalist Papers*: "Among the many objects to which a wise and free people find it necessary to direct their attention, that of providing for their safety seems to be the first." In this connection (and again, this flies in the face of the conventional wisdom the U.S. has shown in the Nuclear Age), he recommends full-scale efforts to provide civil defense and anti-ballistic-missile defense —the former having been a domestic political impossibility for almost twenty years, the latter being legally impossible by dint of the SALT I treaty barring ABM—to protect Americans and American cities.

In reading through *Survival and Peace in the Nuclear Age*, and weighing the arguments Beilenson gives, the actions he advocates for his country, and the historical framework within which he develops his case, one be-

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comes haunted with the idea that one has read all this before—in a thousand and one dissertations coming from the Soviet Union, all predicated on the sacred doctrinal tenets of Marx and Lenin. Toward explaining the remarkable similarity between the Soviet doctrine and Beilenson's prescription, one might be tempted to say that Beilenson is (as good Marxists fancy themselves to be) a *realist*. The trouble is that he both is and isn't.

He perceives the world in the most starkly realistic terms and devotes himself to explaining it as such to his countrymen, who are perhaps the most unrealistic to exist in the Nuclear Age. As such, he may have dedicated himself to a highly unrealistic task.

Were Beilenson to run for the Presidency of the United States, he would lose—badly. For he writes far too openly on issues about which few presidential candidates dare even think frankly. But, having won the Presidency, Ronald Reagan would do well indeed to read this remarkable book. The insights it offers might help him to lead America safely through the perils of the Nuclear Age. □

RANDOM NOTES

■ More January Titles: *A Little Order: A Selection from His Journalism* (Little, Brown, $12.95), edited by Donat Gallagher, consists primarily of serious pieces on various subjects by Evelyn Waugh. . . . Donald Newlove's *Those Drinking Days: Myself and Other Writers* (Horizon, $9.95) discusses the unfortunate affinity of so many literary people for the grape, including among them Stephen Crane, James Joyce, Scott Fitzgerald, Thomas Wolfe, and Robert Lowell. . . . In *The Strange Destiny of Rupert Brooke* (Holt, $12.95), John Lehmann attempts to strike a balance between Brooke as his own circle of friends and devotees saw him and as posterity has tended to view him. . . . *Personal Impressions* (Viking, $12.95), edited by Henry Hardy and with an introduction by Noel Annan, is the fourth and last volume of essays by Isaiah Berlin: portraits of distinguished individuals he has known, including Churchill, FDR, Felix Frankfurter, and Maurice Bowra.

Peter "Animal Lib" Singer acknowledges, in his new book, *The Expanding Circle* (Farrar, $10.95), an intellectual debt to Edward O. Wilson's socio-biological ethics, but goes on to propose an "ethic of rules" which he says is suited to human beings' limited capacity for empathy. . . . In *The Primordial Bond: Exploring Connections between Man and Nature through the Humanities and the Sciences* (Plenum, $15.95), Stephen H. Schneider and Lynn Morton argue that modern industrial and technological civilization is rupturing the natural relationship between mankind and the rest of the planet, and attempt to show that this has an effect on humanistic values as well as on biological life. . . . Mark Stephens, in *Three Mile Island* (Random House, $11.95), blames absolutely everybody (including the media) involved in what he claims missed being, by luck alone, a major catastrophe.

Melvin I. Ufrosky's *Louis D. Brandeis and the Progressive Tradition* (Little, Brown, $11.95) does not appear to have much that is new to say about either Louis D. Brandeis or the Progressive Tradition.

—CW

Kolyma Tales
By Varlam Shalamov
Norton, 222 pp., $9.95

GOLD, IN THE PROCESS

DAVID EVANIER

"While Grisha's [artificial] eye was being recorded, the chief guard couldn't control himself and started giggling. 'That one gives us his arm; this one turns in his leg; another gives his back, and this one gives his eye. We'll have all the parts of the body at this rate. How about you?' He looked over my naked body carefully.

"'What will you give up? Your soul?'

"'No,' I said. 'You can't have my soul.'"

—From "Prosthetic Appliances," by Varlam Shalamov

Proust believed that sensitivity and the imagination were interchangeable in the creation of a work of art. He contended that an innately sensitive man who has no exceptional literary imagination could write novels:

> The suffering caused him by others and the conflicts provoked by his efforts to protect himself against them—such experiences might provide material for a book as beautiful as if it were imagined and invented and as objective, as startling and unexpected as the author's imaginative fancy would have been, had he been happy and free from persecution.

In a sense, Kafka was among the last writers free to indulge his gifts of imagination to prophesy the world of the slave labor camp. It arrived without delay, and the artist who has been victimized need not imagine—he must bear witness. The horrors of the twentieth century, both Nazi and Soviet, have produced, among others, Schwarz-Bart, Kuznetsov, Wiesel, Solzhenitysn—and now Varlam Shalamov, writing of the forced-labor camps in northeastern Siberia, where it is estimated that three million people died over a period of two decades. These writers are, of course, not without imagination. The realities of their experiences of the two key experiments in mass slavery and extermination in our time, however, have prohibited them from turning inward for their art and instead have necessitated their expressing—with an eloquence sometimes approaching Dostoyevsky and Chekhov—what they have known in the slave-labor camps. They exemplify the artist as witness.

Kolyma Tales brings most readily to mind Dostoyevsky's *The House of the Dead*; but, in some ways, parallels in literature end after World War I. At that point, the methods of human degradation took on unprecedented subtlety, invention, and depth. Dostoyevsky's account of prison life, with all its psychological acuity, cannot approximate the horrors of Shalamov's book—for the reason that the latter horrors are so much greater.

Saul Bellow, with his salient understanding of others' perceptions, has correctly written that *Kolyma Tales* is an essential book, the kind of book that makes Westerners uncomfortable. When Henry Wallace, then Vice President, and Owen Lattimore visited Kolyma in 1944, they were enchanted. Lattimore wrote in the *National Geographic* that the camps "could roughly be compared to a combination of the Hudson Bay Company and the TVA."

In 1929, at the age of 22, Shalamov was imprisoned for five years in a labor camp. In 1937 he was rearrested and sentenced to five years in Kolyma. His sentence was extended in 1942, and in

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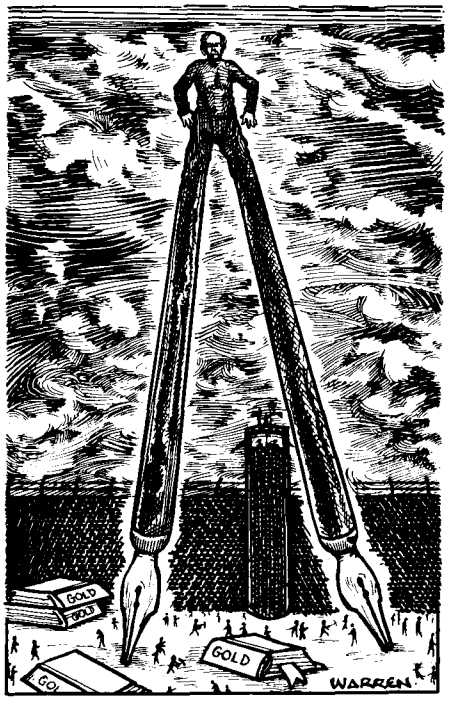

1943 he received an additional ten years for referring to the émigré Russian writer and future Nobel Prize-winner Ivan Bunin (author of *The Gentleman from San Francisco*) as a "classic of Russian literature." Shalamov did not emerge from prison until 1950.

Kolyma Tales, which of course has never been published in the Soviet Union, is more than testimony; it is a true work of art. Shalamov's voice, detached and hopeless, is nonetheless never diminished by any sense of inner sickness or complicity. It shines without "reason," and therefore with even greater eloquence and moral force. The book's spare, laconic, muted style, its minute, precise observations, etch the everyday reality of camp life with almost unbearable immediacy. The simplicity makes the reader feel vulnerable—you realize that such events truly have happened and can happen again.

Perhaps the book's uncommon impact is partly due to the equal attention it pays to the other side of camp life: it is not only the sadistic brutality of the overseers and guards that Shalamov depicts, but the "spiritual dullness" of the prisoners, who are transformed into uncaring creatures, heedless of each other and capable of any betrayal in order to survive. The stronger prisoners join the guards in beating the weak; the privileged criminal prisoners brutally exploit the politicals.

By day, they work in the gold mines; their feet bare inside rubber galoshes, they stand in the icy water of the mines. Dinner consists of thin broth and two spoons of kasha; supper is a piece of bread washed down with mugs of hot water. Flea-ridden and frostbitten—the temperature sometimes drops to sixty degrees below zero—the prisoners sleep in each other's arms for warmth. "Even with the extra warmth, by the morning a man's hair would be frozen to the pillow." The splendid translator, John Glad, writes in his introduction, ". . . gold production was very nearly subordinated to the task of extermination . . . it was no secret that people were brought to Kolyma to die and produce some gold in the process."

Kolyma Tales is divided into sections titled "Survival," "Hope," "Defiance," "The Criminal World," "The Jailer's World," "The American Connection," and "Release." The method creates a composite encompassing the various layers of camp life. Seventeen years of imprisonment are distilled through these pages by the relentless vision of the artist.

Each brief story throws another blinding light over the hell of Kolyma. In one, we learn that corpses remain intact in the permafrost and that prisoners plunder clothes from them. The following story describes how shock therapy is applied to unmask a prisoner who pretends to have a broken back. The freezing, mobbed bathhouse, where there is insufficient water and prisoners emerge after two hours sick and still dirty, is simply another torture device. Defiance occurs once, in "Major Pugachov's Last Battle"; and happiness is glimpsed once, on a train, when the narrator sees a man returning from the camps to Moscow with his little boy.

THE prisoners attempt self-mutilation to avoid being sent back to the mines; if they fail, they commit suicide. In the brilliant story "The Lawyers' Plot," a prisoner who may or may not be scheduled for execution is shuttled from place to place by an official over a number of days. The prisoner does not know or care what will happen as long as he finds warmth by a stove and stays out of the mines for another day. The official, with his "white sheepskin coat, Yakut fur hat, and colorful boots," is "short, fat, perfumed, and quick on his feet." The prisoner, his legs festering with scurvy sores, a rope tied around his waist to keep up his rags, his boots "sewn from old pants and quilted jackets," stands before the official, Romanov:

> He danced around me, examining my figure with his quick black eyes.
>
> The smell of a convict struck his nostrils, and he drew a snow-white handkerchief from his pocket. Waves of music, warmth, and cologne washed over me. Most important was the warmth. The dutch stove was red hot.
>
> "So we meet," Romanov kept repeating ecstatically, moving around me and waving his perfumed handkerchief. "So we meet."

This convergence of the artist's eye with the most desolate images of what man has done to man produces a work of art so fine and pure as to confound the devil. □

ART BOOKS

XMAS DREADNOUGHTS

RUTH BERENSON

Nobody can enter a bookstore today without being horrified. You don't have to be a senior citizen to recall when an Agatha Christie cost 50¢; and if you are, then you can probably remember when you shelled out a quarter for it and were urged not to throw it away but to give it to your local USO for our brave fighting men and women overseas. Now it's $2.25 and falls apart as readily as it did then.

With this in mind, I have concluded, after a most unsystematic survey, that art books are often better buys than best-sellers. They've always been expensive, carriage-trade items. But the growing popular interest in art, attested to by the fantastically rising attendance figures to which museums point with such pride, has had the further effect of boosting the number of new art books; hence their prices, though they haven't fallen, have not, relatively speaking, quite gone through the roof. And many of these books might outlast the appeal of a lot of best-sellers: how can age wither the nostalgic charm of, say, Christopher Simon Sykes's *The Golden Age of the Country House* (Doubleday, $19.95) or James Danziger's *Beaton* (Viking, $30), for anyone attracted by evocations of bygone eras?

Herewith a rundown of some others that should survive the ordeal of propping up your Christmas tree:

Treasures of the Library of Congress (Abrams, $45; $50 after January 1) by

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Charles Goodrum, former Assistant Director of the Congressional Research Service, accomplishes, with considerable grace, the awesome task of surveying the multitudinous collections and facilities housed in that cavernous monument to the eclectic classicism of the 1890s, the Library of Congress, and its two later, even larger annexes. Just as the Library itself brims over with unsuspected treasures, so this book is replete with little-known, intriguing bits of information and gossip. Did you know that—according to Mr. Goodrum—long before Columbus "any educated person through the centuries conceived of the earth as round," and that "the great myth of the flat earth may have been created . . . in the nineteenth century to make the Columbus story more exciting"? I didn't, nor did I realize that the musical *Oklahoma!* was an abysmal flop when it opened in Boston, or that among the Library's holdings are the contents of Lincoln's pockets the night he was killed. Copiously illustrated in color and black-and-white, this book should stimulate even the TV-educated teenager to consider the possibilities of the printed page.

Gaëton Picon's *Ingres* (Rizzoli, $75) must be a contender for the title, Art Book of the Year, if only for its superb color reproductions, especially the enlarged details that, while obviously no substitute for their originals, nevertheless give the reader considerable insight into this artist's unequaled witchery in rendering nacreous flesh, glowing velvet, satin, fur, and brocade. The author makes little of Ingres's relation to his era, that of the French Revolution and its aftermath, for he sees him as somehow "exempted from time," and points out, quite rightly, that his paintings reveal little or no chronological development; the perfection which the 28-year-old lavished on his *Large Bather* of 1808 was undiminished in 1863 when, aged 83, he painted his final masterpiece, *The Turkish Bath*.

Another contender for the title might be *The Art of Hokusai in Book Illustration* by Jack Hillier (University of California, $95; $110 after January 1); its color reproductions, mostly the same size as their originals, are splendid. Ever since Westerners discovered Japanese woodcuts in the 1860s, the name of Hokusai has been familiar. Hillier points out that Hokusai's *Mount Fuji over the Wave* may have been a forerunner of the whiplash designs of Art Nouveau in the 1890s, but he fails to mention that much earlier, in 1864, the American John La Farge drew inspiration from the same source in illustrating the shipwreck scene from Tennyson's *Enoch Arden*. Most studies of Hokusai focus on individual prints; except for *One Hundred Views of Fuji* (which contains *The Wave*) and the *Mangwa*, a three-volume collection of prints on various subjects, his work as an illustrator of some 270 books, including several volumes of erotica, has drawn less attention. Mr. Hillier's book remedies this lacuna and is essential reading for anyone seriously interested in the Japanese woodcut. Since Mr. Hillier wears his mantle of scholarship lightly, the general reader, too, may find it illuminating.

Histories of architecture often suffer from either being too technical for anyone but a professional to understand, or else lengthily discussing a building's visual appearance and stylistic character without ever explaining what makes it stand up. *Architecture of the Western World* (Rizzoli, $37.50), edited by Michael Raeburn, falls into neither trap; indeed, it seems the best survey of its subject I have run into in some time, and I heartily recommend it, not least because of its comprehensive glossary, illustrated with line drawings, of those architectural terms that seem so forbidding to the neophyte.

By ingenious use of evidence, direct and indirect, in the form of written documents, descriptions, and copies, *The Lost Museum* by Robert Adams (Viking, $25) tries to resurrect some of the thousands of works of art which are known to have existed but either have disappeared entirely or are now so mutilated that to all intents and purposes they no longer exist. Fire, flood, war, and the general ignorance and villainy of man are the culprits, and the list is endless: the Parthenon, bombarded by the Turks in 1687 after enduring two millennia; Frank Lloyd Wright's Buffalo masterpiece, the Larkin Building, which fell to the wrecker's ball after only 45 years; Géricault's *Raft of the Medusa*, slowly but inexorably disintegrating because the artist used bitumen, which never dries completely, as an undercoating; and too many more. Few of Professor Adams's stories have happy endings, but they are fascinating.

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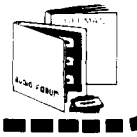

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ing this reporter's mailbox, this may be remembered as the year Americans discovered German Expressionism, which is, or will be, the subject of several major exhibitions. Unfortunately, Paul Vogt's *Expressionism: German Painting 1905-1920* (Abrams, $37.50), though well illustrated, ill serves as an introduction to this emotion-charged, mordant art. Translated from a German original, it assumes more knowledge than most English-speaking readers possess: how many of us know, for instance, that Dachau was famous as an art colony before it became infamous as a concentration camp? All in all, a disappointment.

Ever since he successfully reduced Western Civilization to a 13-part TV series, Sir Kenneth Clark has been trying to elevate popular taste—and turn a fast buck—with books encapsulating the complexities of art. His latest has a titillating title, *Feminine Beauty* (Rizzoli, $25), and is mostly a rehash of an earlier and much more worthwhile study, *The Nude*. The color plates are mediocre. Diana Vreeland, former editor of *Vogue* and *Harper's Bazaar* and now high society's high priestess, treats a related subject in *Allure* (Doubleday, $25). While Lord Clark makes a stab at defining his subject by reflecting that "on the whole, physical beauty must reflect a peaceful or integrated state of mind," Mrs. Vreeland contents herself with italics: "A nose without strength is a *pretty* poor performance." You get the idea. The photographs, by Baron de Meyer, Beaton, Penn, and others, are often stunning.

A word about my personal favorite, with a warning that my taste is rather quirky: *Mariano Fortuny, His Life and Work* by Guillermo de Osma (Rizzoli, $29.95). Fortuny was a conventional painter of the 1910s and '20s but a genius when it came to making women's clothes. Mostly inspired by Greek sculpture and Renaissance painting, his dresses were made of painted velvet or silk, narrowly pleated so as to cling to the body, and dyed in luscious colors like shrimp, apricot, sea-green. Eleanora Duse and Isadora Duncan wore them, and clothes collectors today pay $2,000 and up for them. The book shows Geraldine Chaplin wearing one of her mother's; alas, my mother had several, but they have disappeared like the objects in *The Lost Museum*. It's a pleasure, though, to see them once more in this lovely book. □

TELEVISION

SURFACE MERCURY

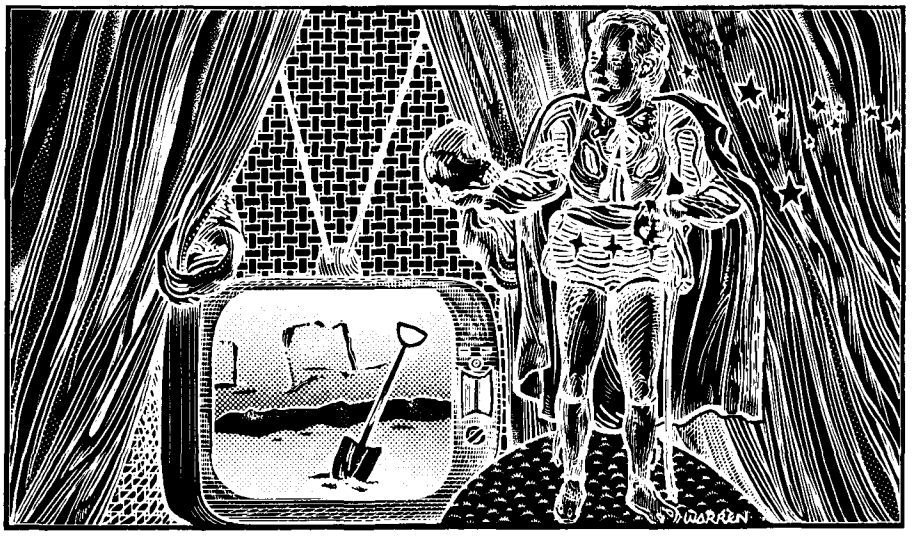
JOSEPH SOBRAN

First be it said that Derek Jacobi's *Hamlet*, latest in the BBC *Shakespeare Plays*, is the most intelligent and inventive I've seen in ages. Jacobi has a knack for giving every line a new fillip (whether it needs one or not), and he manages to keep the thing interesting for the full three and a half hours. That's a feat. He does full justice to Hamlet's wit.

Let's pause to toast the demise of the Melancholy Dane, who has, happily, gone the way of Jimmy Carter. Hamlet's delay is a busy one. Far from moping, he is forever scheming, sniffing, reacting. His remarkably quick tongue beats his brain to the punch. John Dover Wilson and Harold Goddard are dead right to see the play-within-the-play scene as a moment when Hamlet's passion flies out of control, ruining the intended effect and causing the entire court to see him as a threat to the King—whose guilt Hamlet alone apprehends. As Goddard (I tell you the man is brilliant) observes, it is Hamlet's excess in this scene that gives point and irony to the apparent digressions—advice to the players on controlling passion, praise to Horatio for self-mastery—that precede it. Hamlet can't control himself, in fact tries to lose control, and this precipitates the tragedy.

Simply by sticking to the text and shunning the trendy gimmickry of Papp and Brook productions, the BBC version comes close to conveying this. There are signs, however, that the conception, though conservative, is not fully integrated. Jacobi himself seems to have no center. Time and again he delivers a line or a speech with admirable freshness; but each seems aimed at an effect of its own, unrelated to all the others. His voice has lovely high notes, sweet and soft, and it can ring with plangent passion. But it finally comes to seem pure histrionics, a surface mercury, without depth, reserve, or mystery, "like the painting of a sorrow, a face without a heart." He shows a dozen moods brilliantly. The trouble is that they are all moods, a pageantry of passions. None of them brings us any closer to the heart of this Hamlet, who is frisky, flippant, relentlessly impish to the extent he has any discernible character at all. There is no pain behind the passion. Jacobi unfortunately lacks physical stature, and his face, though not unappealing in its way, has an amiable tabby-cat cuteness that only aggravates the unheroic flavor he gives the role.

Hamlet says of his father: "He was a man, take him for all in all: I shall not look upon his like again." An actor must be able to say these simple lines with a stillness that tells you what Hamlet has lost. Jacobi can't. He delivers "O that this too too solid flesh would melt" with a fine rush of feeling, but undoes the effect by shrugging the



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last line off wryly: "But break, my heart, for I must hold my tongue." What he does superbly is to communicate Hamlet's princely warmth to Horatio and the sentries.

A defect of the whole BBC series is that it is too prosaic. You get no magical overtones of the poet's imagination. Inspired verse is too often reduced to splendid rhetoric. Much of what is wrong with this production can't be blamed on Jacobi.

Somehow the Ghost has been purged of all splendor or grandeur. Its manner is conversational rather than commanding, without a hint of anything diabolical, hypnotic, awesome, or ominous. When Hamlet writhes and weeps at its revelations he seems, through no fault of his own, to be overreacting. Unless the Ghost booms or chants its tale of adultery, incest, and murder, it is bound to come across as a dealer in seedy gossip. The appropriate response to which, I suppose, is disgust and disappointment, not hysteria. Jacobi writhes in an emotional void. What great "falling-off" has he seen, what disillusionment has he suffered? He seems too eager to emote upon each and all occasions.

Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, allegedly two of Hamlet's best friends, come on with a transparent villainy I haven't seen since the days of Mr. Tooth Decay. Tom Stoppard should have put a stop to this ancient misunderstanding: here are two "good lads" summoned by the King about their old schoolfellow's madness. Can they help? They confusedly try. But these actors behave like accessories to old Hamlet's murder.

Jacobi's Hamlet, in turn, welcomes them warily, instead of dropping his "crafty madness" for a sunny moment before resuming it. This, I think, is a mistake. One of Hamlet's best qualities is his handsome capacity for friendship, and surely at this point in the play he should be able to show it. Not only does it warm the heart: it gives meaning to his later cruelty in murdering them through the forged order.

Even Olivier's choleric Hamlet didn't seem so nearly ready to kill Gertrude in the closet scene. Good for Jacobi. But until that moment it was hard to tell he felt so strongly about the subject.

As Claudius, Patrick Stewart nicely mixes cunning and geniality. What he misses is the King's genuine love for the Queen, the passion which, perhaps more than ambition, tempted him to sin. He watches Claire Bloom drink the poison with strange impassivity, and a wrenching moment is lost. As usual, the Claudius we get is Claudius-as-seen-by-Hamlet. Alas. □

The GIMLET EYE

BUG OFF

D. KEITH MANO

"I've had some very, very paranoid people in here. It's pitiful to see the fear they have of invasion on the phone. Even if it didn't work—it'd be worth the $49.95, just as a placebo."

It. It is in Eric Cohen's hand, sitting there like a big clear plastic saltcellar top: the marvelous Phone-Guard. Marvelous because I—*I*—could install one. (I, who baited a mousetrap last week *after* I had set it. Ka-wop! Four blood-black fingernails that'd look great on Ultra-Violet or Honeysuckle Divine.) Just unscrew your regular mouthpiece and screw Phone-Guard in place. The P-G is soldered full of little diode doohickies and one seven-volt Ray-O-Vac that can last eight months. Also a red light bulb. Red will flash if anybody, even some mole at the phone co. central office, has his ear lobe in your private practice. Or if Mom is on her bedroom extension: listening to hear if you still date that snakeface divorcee with three rodent children, black roots in the eyebrow, and morality that was garnisheed by a debt collection service.

"I didn't really think about tapping at first. And most of our sales have been residential. But the CIA bought one. I can't believe this is so sophisticated that the CIA can't circumvent it." Cohen, 34, seems somewhat bungstruck by his own success. An affable, slight man: all blown-dry and clean. With this gold chain around his neck that should say: MADE NEAR BURBANK BY A LAID-BACK JEWELER. As disorienting in his COSE technology office at 15 East 40th Street as Christmas Day is in Florida. "I don't want to beat the CIA. I'm not in the business to help criminals, though 15 minutes ago a very nefarious type of gentleman came in. He said that he knew many people he could sell Phone-Guard to—indicating bookies and such. But if it didn't work, he said, he'd be floating someplace in a river.

"It isn't the fringe element, though. I must have hit on a chord that's very, very basic: because we've sold 27,000 in the last year without advertising of any magnitude. Businessmen, the divorcee, the doctor, the housewife. Women are less likely to admit that they don't have privacy [or that they could be up to something best not left within earshot]. A cross-section of America feels that privacy has been threatened. Which says a little about the fabric of the country."

For Eric Cohen, annoyance mothered invention. The children of a girlfriend kept practicing aural voyeurism whenever he rang her up. "In my naïveté I think everything electronic can be done." So he met with Paul Korwin, who was very good at doing things electronic. I like this story: it's a disquisition on the American plan. We gloat about our technology: but the national talent is marketing. Marketing invents invention. Korwin said, "Great idea, we'll make a box." Cohen said, "No—it should attach to the phone." Four weeks pass. Korwin has it. "No, Paul, too many components: put it right in the mouthpiece." Impossible. Four weeks pass. Korwin has put it in the mouthpiece. "No, Paul, we still have to attach wires. That'll intimidate people. Make it so they can just screw it on." Impossible. Four weeks pass: Phone-Guard. Well, Phone-Guard is patent #4,136,266. Of that other 4,136,265, 99.9 per cent are for ingenious items like a one-step mango corer or the first pneumatic zipper fly. Brilliant, even clever, but obsolete at birth. Cohen's insistence on streamlining for sale drove Korwin beyond his genius: certainly beyond his original interest in the problem. Korwin invented Phone-Guard; Cohen invented the market. A machine or a compound has life only insofar as it can collaborate with men.

"I did this on $15,000 start money and we were profitable almost from go. There are over 200 million phones of this type in the U.S. alone. And we haven't even touched the business community. Spying is extremely common in

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the industrial field. In the garment industry, say. Phone-Guard is portable and easily concealable. An executive can use it on a phone and put the other mouthpiece back in two seconds. Nobody need know." Phone-Guard is compatible with several foreign systems. A firm has already been licensed to adapt it for the French mouthpiece. One correspondent is trying Phone-Guard in Russia: the fit isn't exact but he plans to Rube Goldberg some sort of hookup. Why, I don't know. That red light is going to wear out a lot of Ray-O-Vacs. "We have eight people working for us now at the manufacturing facility. In a year we've gone up to four hundred units a week. I believe the potential of this in the U.S. is about two to five thousand units a week. I'm expecting one thousand per week in another year." At $9.95 each that's $2.5 million annual gross.

A COURT has ruled that evidence overheard during any routine phone check is valid. "This leads to vast problem areas. What is a routine phone check and what isn't? I particularly don't like to be in a hotel. Operators generally stay on a few seconds to make sure your call has gone through. But, when they have nothing better to do, they just sit there and listen. My red light flashes and I tell them to get off. It really makes them nervous. Phone-Guard will even pick up a party-line snooper. Look, everyone has something to hide, I guess. Big or small. And I think they have a right to their privacy."

So now I'm home. Unscrew the mouthpiece: no broken fingers, no instant electrocution. Simple. I dial and . . . and. Where's the red light? Nothing. Darkness. Good God, can it be I'm not interesting enough to bug? But I have things to hide. I swear it. Terrible things. I'll even make things up, give me a minute. Wait, listen. Hello? Hello? □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

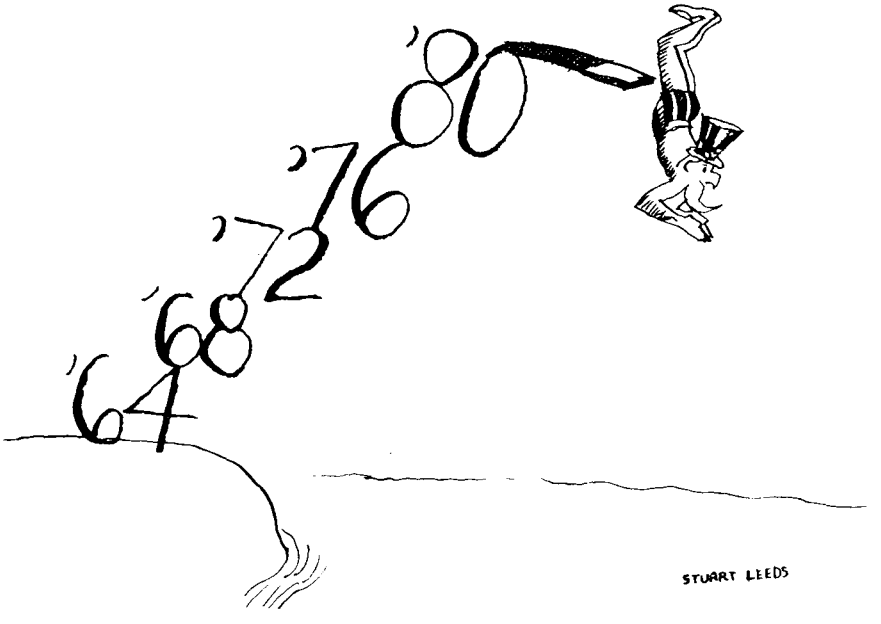
ARNA BONTEMPS/LANGSTON HUGHES LETTERS 1925-1967, *selected and edited by Charles H. Nichols (Dodd, Mead, 529 pp., $17.95).* Billed as a "celebration of the triumphant creative spirit in Afro-American life," this correspondence between the two exuberant promoters of the Harlem and post-Harlem renaissance disappoints by its voluminous superficiality. Neither writer, apparently, ever had time to sit down and think, analyze, or evaluate, with the result that the letters tend to be catalogues of trivia, lists of names rendered as anonymous as if culled from a telephone book. Genial, generous, never fanatically racist, both writers, because they grade talent mostly by the is-he-on-our-side or-their-side yardstick, lose sight of the trees for the woods. SELDEN RODMAN

THE GOLD CLAUSE: *What It Is and How to Use It Successfully, by Henry Mark Holzer (Books in Focus, 247 pp., $19.95).* In some hectoring from the bench (which sounds better all the time), Justice McReynolds skewered his future colleague, Stanley Reed, with the question: "Then if you change the name of a dime and call it a dollar, he could pay it back in a dime; is that it?" The poor squirming Reed ("Yes, it approaches that"), asserting the government's constitutional right to sequester gold and manipulate repayment obligations under the emergency legislation of 1933, was so magistrally taken off the hook by Chief Justice Hughes that McReynolds never got a definite answer to his question. But, 45 years later, the Justice has his answer in Henry Mark Holzer's book—an answer that is definitive and dispositive, painstakingly tracing out both roots and fruits, touching almost every American court decision and statute that has dealt with gold clauses, and winding up with a how-to-do-it formula for using the gold clause in the context of the new re-legalization. Holzer teaches a couple of other lessons too: 1) that the papyrification of American money represents a constitutional lapse so egregious as to be beyond legitimation (in Holmes's fine phrase) by any lapse of time or array of authority, and 2) that, as Friedrich von Hayek has admonished, there is one mechanism no government on earth should be allowed to get its hands on—a printing press. GERALD T. DUNNE

CLARENCE DARROW: *A Sentimental Rebel, by Arthur and Lila Weinberg (Putnam, 462 pp., $17.95).* It is no small task to make the most celebrated trial lawyer this nation has ever known appear bland and trivial, but the Weinbergs have managed to do just that. Their book is a sort of casserole of carefully assembled leftovers of Darrow's career with just enough spice from the memorable cases to keep the reader chewing in hopes that the next bite will have some flavor. Sadly, it never does. Apart from the scrapbook style of subdivisional organization, there is the problem that a large chunk of the book is given to a numbing rendition of two trials in which Darrow was accused of jury tampering. This has about the same impact as does the treatment of the lawyer's checkered love life and his affinity for Omar Khayyám. Such pishposh is bound to disappoint those who were expecting to read about a pyrotechnical performer whose dazzling summations mesmerized courtroom audiences for half a century in defense of unpopular causes and clients. Despite an impressive array of sources, the book lacks the fire that animated its extraordinary subject. ALAN L. MILLER

THE NUMBER OF THE BEAST, *by Robert A. Heinlein (Fawcett Columbine, 511 pp., $6.95).* This long novel is fantasy in spades doubled and redoubled. It is about two men and two women in a time-machine safari through this and other universes. But describing *The Number of the Beast* thus is like saying *Moby Dick* is about a one-legged guy trying to catch a fish. This is a wild, erotic, complicated, inspiring, funny, confusing, heuristic, and

(Continues on page 1526)



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Dark Horses

M. STANTON EVANS

THE DISTINGUISHED advocate of global peace was optimistic. Liberalizing tendencies were at work within the dictatorial regime, he said, and would eventually assert themselves. He found no "responsible person" who wanted war, and warned the United States against the graver danger of a "new arms race."

Familiar verbiage. The difference is that these particular statements—quoted in Harold Rood's new book, *Kingdoms of the Blind* (Carolina Academic Press, $15.95)—were uttered, not last week, but in July of 1934. The speaker was Nicholas Murray Butler, chairman of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace; the people to whom he was referring were, of course, the Nazis—who one week later attemped a coup d'état in Austria, took the Austrian cabinet prisoner, and assassinated the country's chancellor.

Professor Butler's musing is one among many examples of Western astigmatism on such subjects served up by Rood, a professor of political science at Claremont College. The pattern, indeed, is chillingly consistent: in the United States, Great Britain, Norway, Denmark, and other free societies, leaders responsible for the safety of their citizens sat by in complacent myopia, refusing to credit massive evidence that totalitarian regimes were geared for war, hoping wistfully for peace, and moving to defend themselves at last only when war was thrust upon them by Germany and Japan.

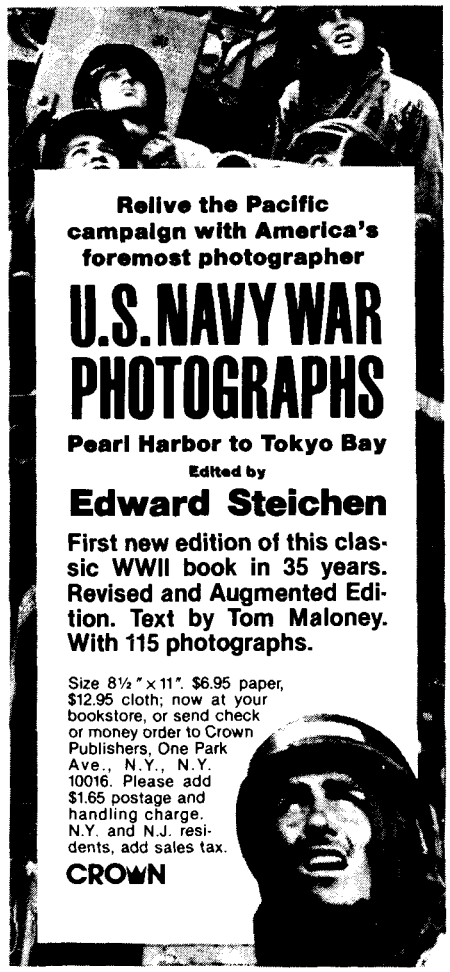
Rood cites numerous case histories from the period prior to World War II, as Germany armed itself to the teeth, imperial Japan made its ambitions widely known, and the Western nations talked—and, worse, practiced—drastic arms control. The parallels to our present situation are obvious, and Rood draws them with exemplary rigor.

Rood documents the phasing down of major weapons systems that has been America's strategy for better than a decade, the vacillations in global policy that have accompanied this sad enfeeblement, and the gauzy rationalizations brought forward to explain such conduct: weapons, not Communists, are the enemy; if we practice restraint, Moscow will surely follow suit; the Soviets want their arms only for "defensive" purposes; and so on. Professor Butler would feel right at home with such discussions.

Why it has been, and continues to be, this way, is a grim topic for speculation. The obvious political reason suggested by Rood is that preparedness is expensive, and more votes are to be gained from domestic benefits than through disbursing billions for defense. Add to this an ideological factor—the penchant of the Western liberal mind to believe the ills of man can be finessed with talk and pious legislation. Both tendencies are aggravated when the totalitarian problem is on the Left, where liberal ideologues can seldom spot the presence of a danger.

THE WEAKENING of our defenses has proceeded so far today that nearly everyone concedes it, and the relevant question becomes what to do about the situation. The answer toward which official thinking has converged is the MX missile—a weapon that could be moved around and hidden to avoid a knockout punch from Moscow. The case for why such a weapon is needed, and how it fits in with our strategic requirements generally, is put forward by Colin S. Gray of the Hudson Institute in *Strategy and the MX* (Heritage Foundation, 513 C St., N.E., Washington, D.C. 20002; $2).

In this trenchant essay, Gray examines the further progress of Western myopia into the realm of nuclear targeting doctrine, wrapped up in the woeful title of "mutual assured destruction" (MAD). This concept, selling U.S. weakness as a post-cold-war virtue, is at the root of our present troubles, reducing us to the hide-and-seek of the MX. Producing such a missile, on Gray's assessment, is urgently necessary, but junking MAD is even more so. □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". . . presumably, some people were unwilling to tell a pollster that they are 'for Reagan,' even though they in fact were."

—NR, 11/14/80, P. 1369.

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BRIEFS

(Continued from page 1522)

fully engrossing yarn in which reality, imagination, and wishes become totally commingled, like eggs in an omelette. As always, Heinlein celebrates the competent person. His quartet of heroes are all very bright, extremely able people; survivors who *can*. They are not plastic saints, robots, or goody two-shoes. They get cross, sore, and tired, but they are always thinking, always on the bounce. Heinlein's principals are not "strangers and afraid in a world they never made," but practicing libertarian-types who either triumph joyfully or (occasionally) go down very gallantly indeed. *The Number of the Beast* incorporates a number of characters and events from earlier Heinlein novels, and reading it before you've read them would probably be confusing (like seeing the movie *The Shining* without having read the book first). It's an insider's book —Heinlein has some gentle fun with several science fiction writers, including himself—but if you've paid your literary dues, you'll find it worth reading on several levels.

JACK KIRWAN

MODERN BOOK COLLECTING, *by Robert A. Wilson (Knopf, 270 pp., $12.95).* "There are, of course, a great number of books already in existence on the subject of book collecting . . . But most of them are rather general, and many seem to be addressed solely to the wealthy collector, going into great detail about the pleasures of collecting incunabula, first editions of Dickens in the original parts, and other such rarities, which, however desirable, are usually far beyond the reach of beginning collectors," writes Robert Wilson in the preface of this useful primer. Wilson, a bookshop owner and bibliophile, has a fine style, tells a good story, and offers advice and information enough to make his book the last word on the subject. He tells how to form a modern-author collection, how to bid at auctions, how to identify first editions, how to care for a collection, and how to donate or sell it. He lists likely dealers, auction houses, and clubs. He includes a basic glossary of terms, describes the detection of fakes, forgeries, and facsimiles, and considers books as investments. He knows that book collecting needs no justification. But he does not discuss the mixed blessing of bibliomania, the symptoms described by Erasmus in 1529 when he wrote: "When I get a little money, I buy books; and if any is left, I buy food and clothes."

JOE MYSAK

MANIPULATED SCIENCE: *The Crisis of Science and Scientists in the Soviet Union Today, by Mark Popovsky (Doubleday, 242 pp., $10.95).* During the years he made his living as a science writer and biographer in the Soviet Union, Popovsky kept a diary in which he recorded the failings of state-run research. He noted, among other things, that segregating scientists stifles creativity, that the rigid system of scientific rank encouraged toadyism, and that scientific recognition went hand in hand with Party loyalty. None of this, of course, was publishable in the USSR. So not until Popovsky emigrated to the West did he think there was a book in those mostly bitter observations. *Manipulated Science* is the result, and although in places it lectures the scientists he left behind—a sort of sermon in a vacuum—it is mostly an anecdotal portrait of the Soviet scientist today: browbeaten, grasping, motivated less by love of discovery than by thirst for good vodka. Popovsky believes the state is chiefly responsible for the mess, but not the Communists in particular. In passages that sometimes seem bent on condemning the entire Russian people, he points out that mailed-fisted treatment of, and cowed submission by, scientists have roots as far back as the reign of Peter the Great. Then, scholars who fled Russia were hauled back by force. Now, scientists wait years for permission to attend scientific meetings abroad, only to be hit with further abuse. Popovsky cites the example of a female medical researcher whose ground-breaking study of the ischemic toxin was snatched by her institute director, who presented it to learned assemblies as if he'd written it himself. "Did she mind that someone else was reading a paper about her own discovery? Not at all . . . She would joke, with a touch of bitterness, about the 'division of labor,' but as a rule she tried not to think about it—it was simply a fact of Soviet life." The Russians, Popovsky says hopelessly, are just being Russians—a bad bunch under the best of governments. His own very Russian sense of inferiority apparently moves him to lay the blame broadly. Nevertheless, the book amply demonstrates that Communist characters, not the Russian character, are behind the country's recent scientific disasters.

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DRAIM

(Continued from page 1501)

dle or seaplane beaching equipment. Once, it was even dragged bodily off a sandy beach by a Marine Corps amphibious tank.

Despite a very long string of successful launches, the Navy canceled the HYDRA program in 1965. At the time of cancellation, a Polaris A-1 was being modified for a floating-launch demonstration. Earlier studies had been carried out on modifying the Air Force's Minuteman missile and NASA's Scout satellite booster to make them suitable for HYDRA launching.

Through the late 1960s and early 1970s, U.S. scientific payloads were carried aloft from various maritime locations around the world using HYDRA probe rockets. A HYDRA-IRIS was launched one thousand miles east of Buenos Aires in 1965. It carried 125 pounds of electronics and scientific instruments to an altitude of 178 miles. All the mission's objectives were accomplished, the data being recovered by telemetry.

In the Soviet Union, naval missile designers found the floating launch made to order for their SLBM program (which actually lagged behind our Polaris program by several years). For one thing, the Russians have always preferred liquid-fueled rockets to the solid fuels favored by American missilemen. The natural buoyancy of the bare, liquid-propellant missile made the addition of extra flotation devices unnecessary. Russian SLBMs are merely floated upward to the surface from a submerged submarine, and "launched" from there. By contrast, U.S. SLBMs are non-buoyant and must be fired out of the submarine tubes by gas generators. Their velocity carries them clear of the water, where their first-stage motors are ignited.

During the summer of 1979, the U.S. Senate was debating ratification of the SALT II treaty. The topic of "missiles without launchers" was brought up by Senator John Warner (R., Va.) as a possible treaty loophole. The treaty would limit the number of launchers, but not the number of missiles themselves. Thus launcher-less HYDRA missiles would be totally uncontrolled! Mr. Paul Nitze, in these same hearings, testified that neither side had satisfactorily defined the term "launcher." The SALT II treaty gives the rather circular definition: "An SLBM launcher is a

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launcher for an SLBM." Admiral Thomas Hayward, Chief of Naval Operations, testified that "Soviet development of a six-hundred-kilometer ballistic missile which could be launched without any external flotation devices would be a clear circumvention of the ban and would be of sufficient gravity for the United States to consider such actions as abrogation of the Treaty."

It has been estimated that if deployment of HYDRA-type missiles in both surface ships and submarines were to replace the currently planned MX system, we could save up to $15 billion. Scarce water supplies in the desert regions would remain unaffected if the sea-based HYDRA-MX were used. The flora and fauna of the desert would remain undisturbed (as would the fish at sea, for that matter). A much earlier operational capability could be achieved, with existing ships carrying MX or Trident missiles modified for HYDRA launch. The ships would remain constantly in motion, scattered over 55 million square miles of ocean and employing a wide variety of deception and concealment techniques. Deployed missiles would remain under positive control aboard ship until a launch decision was made. Then, missiles would be quickly slipped into the water and fired.

A sea-based strategic system would confront our enemies with a multitude of built-in uncertainties. Destruction of a majority of the missile force in a short space of time would be virtually impossible. Also, Soviet leaders would not be able to count on "free" collateral damage to the American land-mass, since the majority of their missiles would have to be targeted in remote ocean areas. All of these factors would reduce the likelihood of a surprise attack on the United States.

Laying down more and more concrete is not the answer to our defense problems. Americans traditionally have brought forward innovative approaches and concepts in time of national emergency or crisis. The HYDRA floating launch technique is such an approach. A system based on this simple launch technique could provide a strategic deterrent much less costly than the present MX system, while at the same time removing the "ground-zeroes" for enemy nuclear weapons from American soil. Deployed, the sea-based deterrent would truly protect and defend our territory and our people, rather than acting as a magnet for a nuclear attack. □

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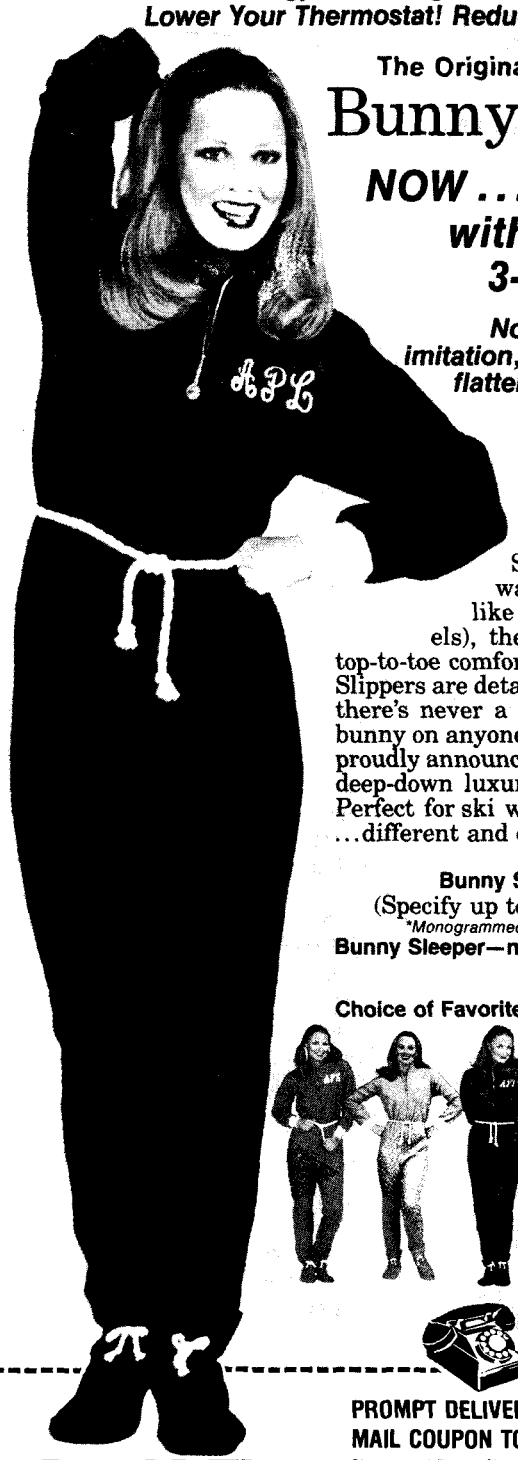

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WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

The Search For Catholic Socialism

On The Right

São Paulo, Nov. 11—If you think it is easy to probe the thought of Catholic socialists, try spending one hour with the senior figure in the Brazilian hierarchy, the Archbishop of São Paulo, Paulo Evarista Cardinal Arns.

He walks into the studio irradiating benevolence. Here is a man who studied literature at the Sorbonne in Paris, where he achieved his doctorate; who taught patrology and didactics at highly respected universities; who has written 25 books, including abstruse treaties on medieval literature. At the end of an hour, one seriously doubts that he knows what a supply-demand curve is; or cares. But, when you come down to it, if you had an hour to spend with St. Francis of Assisi (who founded the order of which Cardinal Arns is a member) you probably wouldn't talk to him about supply and demand; I'd have felt better just sitting and cooing with Cardinal Arns. Come to think of it, he did treat me about as St. Francis did the wild animals.

Last July, when the Pope was in town, everyone's eyes were trained on him to see how he would handle the problem of Cardinal Arns. The problem of Cardinal Arns is roughly defined by his gentle and plainspoken contumacy. Two years ago he egged on the metalworkers in São Paulo, who were striking illegally. Brazil is a dictatorship of sorts (Goulart, who was Brazil's Allende, was overthrown in 1964); and only in the past year or two has there been a genuine liberalization. Torture is, by everyone's admission, a perversion of the past; and in 1982 elections are expected, right up and down the line. But there are many who doubt they will eventuate. There are signs of deterioration, including in the morale of a normally indomitably happy race of people. And there is the turmoil in the most stable of Brazil's institutions—the Church.

So that when Pope John Paul stood up in the huge soccer stadium, it was everywhere noticed that he hugged with special tenacity Cardinal Arns. To be sure the Cardinal was the senior hierarchical figure in São Paulo, but the Pope, it is generally conceded, intended more. What did he intend?

Again, try to get it from Cardinal Arns. He will smile. His English, though thoroughly functional, is imperfect. He would rather, he smiled—a smile so warm and ingenuous there is no doubting the sincerity that animates it—he would rather, he says, speak to you in Brazilian, Italian, French, German, or Latin. But the exchange is being televised; and, although the swanks at PBS are pretty proud of their audiences, an exchange in Latin would probably be thought *de trop*. What, concretely, you ask the Cardinal, is his economic program for the poor in Brazil? He will answer that neither capitalism nor Communism has helped the poor. You reply that in America capitalism has greatly helped the poor. He will answer that the people must know each other, in small communities, must love each other, and work together, and pool their talents. You agree, and you say that the income per capita in Brazil is on the order of $600 per person, and taking the money from the rich and giving it to the poor wouldn't help the poor to the point where they would even notice it. The Cardinal smiles, and says gently that he was invited to talk about religion, and suddenly he is asked questions about economics, which is not his field.

Manifestly. A number of years ago Roberto de Oliveira Campos, Minister of Planning in the government of Castelo Branco (who overthrew Goulart), wrote about the "*profundo desinformaçao clerical*" in respect of economics. The Archbishop Pirés of Paraíba distributes visual-aid cards, on one of which is a huge bloviated steer. The caption: "The name of the steer is capitalism, and capitalism is the gimmick of the wealthy minority to mislead society into thinking that the most important thing is money and profits. There are actually very few who profit, and they do so by making the poor much poorer. Capitalism puts money in the hands of the few, money that was obtained through the sweat of many poor workers." I read that passage to Cardinal Arns and asked if he agreed with it.

He smiled. Archbishop Pirés, he said, is a wonderful man, a holy man. You give up. □

REAGAN'S PROBLEM AND OURS

São Paulo, Nov. 8—The *Daily Post* ("Latin America's Only Multi-Regional Newspaper") gives extensive treatment to the victory of Mr. Reagan, and reproduces comments from Latin American and European leaders which are surprisingly enthusiastic given the pre-election grues cultivated by so many commentators at the prospect of a Republican victory. Only General Torrijos of Panama was clearly unhappy, and that is hardly unexpected given the prominence of Ronald Reagan in the fight against the Panama Canal Treaty. But General Torrijos will find that President Reagan is not likely to initiate a call for the rescission of the treaty. A fair way to put it is that the Canal Zone is safely Panama's for exactly as long as Panama lives up to its commitments under the treaty; and unsafely Panama's should Torrijos (which is unlikely) or a party on Torrijos's left (which is unlikely but conceivable) seek to pull a Nasser and advance unilaterally the day of the Canal's nationalization.

But it is significant that the local press elected to feature, among the half-dozen stories on Reagan's victory and the causes thereof, an analysis by Richard Bergholz of the *Los Angeles Times* which gave the victory to Reagan in reward for his having changed his mind on three public questions. Here is the *Los Angeles Times'*

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analysis: Reagan changed his mind on the question of federal aid to New York City "in time to pick up New York's big electoral vote package." Reagan changed his mind on "bailout funds for the ailing Chrysler Corporation"—and carried Mich-

Reagan changed his mind from comprehensive opposition to qualified support OSHA—"blue-collar workers, who are protected by OSHA, were a key figure to his success in Tuesday's election."

Without acknowledging that Mr. Reagan's tergiversations on these three specific issues were crucial, it is wise for conservatives to acknowledge a distinction that needs to be drawn between the role of the political philosopher and that of the practitioner. This difficulty was one that hit Senator Barry Goldwater with great force in 1964. Months after writing the best and most galvanizing polemic since *Common Sense* (*The Conscience of a Conservative*), Goldwater found himself the Republican candidate. He performed nobly; but he was a teacher, not a politician. Coriolanus, running for office, must not expect to win any votes but those of the heavenly registrar. The fact of it is, the Federal Government should not have bailed out New York City in 1975, and the decision finally to yield to pressure will disfigure federal-state-city fiscal relations for the balance of the century. But—having surrendered the issue is politically closed, much as the issue of minimum wages is pretty well closed. The only way to beat minimum wages is to keep them low enough not to cause unemployment.

JUST so with Chrysler. Remember the rapid evolution. At first, bailing out Chrysler was perceived as a pro-business maneuver, and it is always safe to say No to such things, and Carter's Secretary of the Treasury said: No. Within a matter of weeks it was perceived as a welfare measure for autoworkers, and Carter turned around. In due course the magnetic force created caused the disequilibrium of Ronald Reagan: and he was not going to campaign in Michigan for President on the abstract question of whether it was correct for taxpayers in Knoxville, Tennessee to keep alive the tenth largest U.S. corporation. Chrysler shouldn't have been bailed out, but no one running for President could be expected to say that. You can find something good to say about OSHA even as you can find something good to say about fraternity initiations. Not much, but something; and if you are running for office in a fraternity-oriented campus, you find that something to say that is good.

What Governor Reagan must now understand is that the forces that contained their criticism of his capitulations while he was a candidate cannot be expected to silence that criticism while he governs. Nor should he desire that they do so. In order to hope eventually to disentangle federal and city finances, he will need to enliven analysis, to do to the whole notion of Washington's financing everything, the kind of job Milton Friedman did to deficit-spending your way out of a depression. The job of the governor is to be statesmanlike. The job of the philosopher is to be statesmanlike. The idea is to put them on a converging course. □

BEWARE VARIG

São Paulo, Nov. 4—My fast and abstinence on the subject of airline travel, which I had resolved to make last for one whole year, was broken in Mexico City under extreme provocation. It is unlikely that your immediate plans call for flying on Varig Airlines (Brazil's) from Mexico to Rio, but should they do so, change these plans instantly. In fact, if you plan to travel with something more than one set of underwear and a paperback copy of *Gone with the Wind*, bring lots of money, because lots of money is what Varig desperately wants.

A little history. With the development of jet travel, the airlines inherited a loophole: namely, an excess-baggage rate fashioned with reference to the tiny little marsupial cavities associated with propeller flight. For 110 pounds of excess baggage, the airlines took to charging you one-half of the *first-class* fare. Now this meant that if you were traveling tourist to, say, Rome, and you had 220 pounds of extra luggage, you were paying the airline one full first-class fare, in addition to your tourist fare. If it happened that you yourself weighed 220 pounds you ended in the paradoxical situation of paying about twice as much for your excess luggage as for yourself, notwithstanding that your luggage received no free champagne, saw no movie on the flight, and ate no meals whatever.

The hero in this situation is a young activist lawyer from Miami, Florida, Mr. Donald Pevsner, who brought suit with the Civil Aeronautics Board charging that the "reasonable surtax" on overweight permitted by the relevant conventions was not reasonable at all. After furious litigation stretching over a half-dozen years, Pevsner and the people of America triumphed over the airlines—and the CAB issued a ruling that passengers would be allowed two suitcases, no matter how heavy, free of charge; for each extra suitcase they would be charged a flat rate, once again per article, not per pound, because a jet airline is relatively blasé about weight.

But then the question arose: how to make foreign airlines comply with the American rules. A tricky diplomatic business, but the CAB recognized a responsibility to protect American consumers, and therefore acted favorably on a suit the effect of which could be to deny landing rights to foreign carriers that continued to extort from passengers the usurious rate. Okay, easy enough when the question is foreign carrier X traveling from Rome to New York. But what about foreign carrier X traveling from Cairo to Rome to New York? Is it to be allowed to swindle you on the Cairo-Rome leg? Or, for that matter, if you got off in Cairo, and were swindled on overweight, would that carrier forfeit the right to land in the United States? That matter is in negotiation. Enter Varig Airlines.

WE (wife and I) arrived with seven heavy suitcases for the Mexico-Rio leg of a business journey. We expected to pay $60 or so for each of the three surplus suitcases. The lady behind the desk did a little calculating and informed me that I would need to pay Varig $1,295. I thought perhaps I was being sold some shares in Varig Airlines, and having none such in my little portfolio, I was rather attracted by the idea, however unorthodox the approach; but of course it turned out that she desired over $400 per bag for the nine-hour trip.

I was convinced she had made a mistake, and the manager, Mr. Ranato Rocha, was summoned. Mr. Rocha is of that young breed of bureaucrats trained in the letter of the law and in the sweet fragrance of dissimulation. He told me that the government of Mexico by law forbade charging less than the old excess rate. The laws of the government of Mexico are sacred on no other subject than airline overweight, I suggested, appealing the objectively unreasonable suggestion that three bags containing mostly books and papers should each have to pay $400 to hitch a ride to a friendly country down south. Mr. Rocha was adamant, so I crossed the aisle, spent ten minutes with a most amiable lady from Eastern Airlines, which flew us to Miami, connecting with Pan American to Rio, where we arrived at the pleasant hour of 8 A.M., only two hours after Varig's flight, which arrived with two empty seats Mexico-Rio; and two canceled seats from various points in Latin America to other points in Latin America over the ensuing fortnight.

So: If you have any overweight, check; and avoid Varig, or any airline that continues the old gouge. And don't forget, every now and then, to think gratefully about that energetic young lawyer in Miami. □

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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. A disease of plants — 11 67 62 117 82 120

B. Diaries kept at Christmas time? — 19 169 63 89 142 2 101 129

C. FIGS' GREED — 88 27 110 118 72 144 104 158 34

D. Town in Sharp County, Ark. — 98 136 109 15 90 168 45

E. A character in *Twelfth Night* might see red and shun parking-meters when she sees this word — 3 161 131 91 83 36 165 77 31

F. Where Eliza crossed on the ice (often twice a day!) — 25 97 38 92 5 122 66 159 119

G. Put library books back properly — 43 148 39 6 157 78 106 16 85

H. Some of these belong to the Orangemen and some don't — 49 150 20 166 113 132 7 170

I. German tune used for Iowa and Maryland state songs — 23 42 57 21 33 128 64 75 26 52

J. A day of the month but not of the week — 65 69 22 47 162 164

K. MEETS WASTE — 68 13 41 4 35 125 133 18 51 111

L. Another name for the wild clove — 73 8 12 143 86 48 172 40

M. A young men's organization + nothing + a direction — 80 114 138

N. What neighboring dogs use to keep people awake all night — 99 137 93 160 146 139 50

O. A House member from Missouri — 1 46 55 24 84 10

P. How department store merchandise is often sold; a plan — 116 53 74 103 94 127 28

Q. What Communism and National Socialism are (were) a part of — 141 107 149 70 100 54 134

R. A young men's organization + a school + a thousand; repeat — 173 115 147 59 30 152

S. A clasp or ornament — 81 9 154 56 123 163

T. ____ turns to thoughts of love — 155 14 32 121 96 79 135

U. Permitted — 44 156 167 151 60 58 87

V. Saul's son and successor — 95 17 37 102 105 112 124 126 130 145

W. Took delight in — 108 61 76 29 140 153 71 171

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the words (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 1524 for solution to last Trans-O-Gram.

	1 O		2 B	3 E	4 K	5 F	6 G	7 H	8 L	9 S	10 O		11 A	12 L		13 K	14 T	
15 D	16 G		17 V	18 K	19 B	20 H	21 I	22 J		23 I	24 O		25 F	26 I	27 C		28 P	
29 W	30 R	31 E	32 T	33 I	34 C	35 K		36 E	37 V	38 F	39 G		40 L	41 K	42 I	43 G		
44 U	45 D		46 O	47 J	48 L	49 H	50 N	51 K	52 I	53 P	54 Q		55 O	56 S	57 I	58 U	59 R	
	60 U	61 W	62 A	63 B		64 I	65 J		66 F	67 A	68 K	69 J	70 Q	71 W	72 C		73 L	
74 P		75 I		76 W	77 E	78 G	79 T	80 M		81 S	82 A	83 E	84 O	85 G	86 L	87 U		
88C	89 B	90 D	91 E	92 F	93 N		94 P	95 V	96 T	97 F		98 D		99 N	100Q	101B		
102V	103P	104C		105V	106G	107Q	108W		109D	110C	111K		112V	113H	114M	115R	116P	
117A	118C	119F		120A	121T	122F	123S	124V		125K	126V	127P	128I	129B		130V	131E	
	132H	133K		134Q	135T		136D	137N	138M		139N	140W	141Q	142B		143L	144C	
	145V	146N	147R	148G		149Q	150H	151U	152R		153W	154S	155T	156U	157G	158C	159F	
	160N	161E	162J	163S		164J	165E	166H		167U	168D	169B	170H	171W	172L	173R		

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Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

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Kent III. Taste, in a low, low tar. Experiencing is believing.

Kings only 3mg tar. 100s only 5mg tar.

Kings: 3 mg. "tar," 0.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report January 1980. 100's: 5 mg. "tar," 0.6 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC Method.

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You may not think that a machine can be called an artist.

But we do. And we have proof.

The proof is called the Millitron.™ It injects dye into carpeting. And for the last 5 years, it's been producing a running line of up to 519 patterned carpets.

That number might not impress you. But the quality of the Millitron's art surely will. The patterns are clean and beautiful, with pinpoint definition.

No matter what fiber is being used.

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